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and BYSTANDER

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The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Two Shillings

LONDON

JULY 14, 1948

Vol. CLXXXIX, No. 2453

THIS ISSUE

"Outward Bound" Ball. This brilliant function to help young people setting out in life was attended by the Duke of Edinburgh in his capacity as Patron, and a very large company was present. Pictures are on page 40.

Henley Royal Regatta. Now fully emerged from the shadow of war, Henley this year was a magnificent event, both as to the racing and as a social occasion. The rowing for the much coveted Grand Challenge Cup, won by Thames R.C., was particularly memorable. Pictures taken at the Regatta are on pages 44-5.

Commem. at Oxford. To the old Oxford man, "Commem." means the most pleasing kind of nostalgia; to the new a time for the highest expression of the party spirit. This year "The Tatler" made the round of many of the colleges, and obtained the photographs on pages 47-8-9.

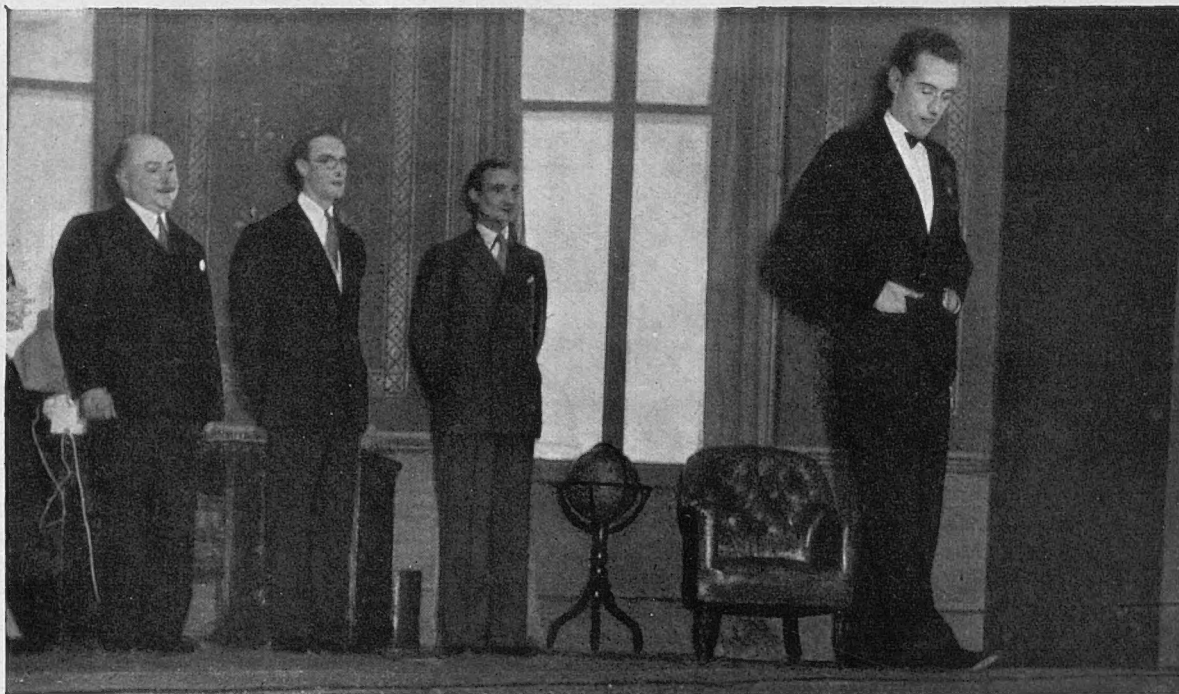
Irish Derby. This considerable event of the Irish sporting season was this year a greater attraction than ever. Pictures of the winner, jockey, and many of the spectators are on page 50.

Clare College May Week Dance was another of those happy gatherings by which Cambridge enters into friendly seasonal rivalry with Oxford's Commem. This year's dance brought visitors from far and near. Pictures are on page 55.



Scott, Edinburgh

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, who was with the Royal party on the recent visit to Scotland, receiving a bouquet from Miss Cavounides of Athens, when she attended a piano recital at Edinburgh in aid of the Scottish Fund for the Children of Greece. The recital was given in the Institut Français d'Ecosse and the pianist was Jeanne-Marie Darré of Paris. The Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Mr. A. H. A. Murray, was also present



Swabe

The Hon. William Douglas-Home, author of "Ambassador Extraordinary," to a dissident gallery: "If you don't learn the art of compromise, as suggested in the play, that gallery won't be there in six months time"

Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Beckles

THIS is a season of the year when unkind postcard messages from abroad—"gorgeous weather" and "wonderful food"—strike hardest at the moral fibre of those at home who have not yet enjoyed a holiday.

It is a friendly form of sadism, I suppose, and counterbalanced when the returned holiday-maker, bronzed and bubbling with his news, is met with a cool: "Hallo, been away yet?"

One of these sort of postcards, from St. Maxime, has sent me travelling southwards again across France on the back of my trusty *Guide Michelin*, passing scornfully by any "hotel-palais, offrant un confort princier" I may meet in its pages, but keeping an eye out for those three-star restaurants which have "une des meilleures tables de France: vaut le voyage."

Not the least fascinating feature of the Michelin miracle of condensation is the list of symbols. I had forgotten, in the years between, the meaning of a minute canary on a sort of rocking-horse. It indicates a "situation tranquille."

One has often wondered why the Michelin people have not done an English guide, and one answer to this is—they have, but abandoned it! I have a twenty-seven year old edition; but perhaps a better answer is suggested when one delves into the real purpose of the French edition and comes on some restaurant which serves "tournedos France-Angleterre, poularde de Bresse a la Bellovaque. Vins: Chateau Branaire Ducru 1920, Volnay 1915" or perhaps a "Coq au Chambertin, Ecrevisses a la creme. Vins: Beaune 1934, Hospices de Beaune 1930."

It is unkind to labour the point.

I HAVE been reading a letter from a man on his way down to a Riviera holiday—written after he had got as far as Boulogne.

"You know with what eagerness I fled from England," he writes. "What a scene of illiberal

dispute and incredible infatuation! A few worthless incendiaries have, by dint of perfidious calumnies and atrocious abuse, kindled up a flame which threatens all the horrors of civil dissension."

Strong language, aye, but Dr. Tobias Smollett had a passion for bluntness and doubtless the England of 1763 fully merited his disfavour. Whether or no, the letters in his *Travels* remain superb reading, and for pages at a stretch might have been written last week—especially if read with a *Guide Michelin* handy.

Of the road to Dover I have no recent knowledge, but I have known other roads (I hear indifferent reports of stretches of the Paris-Lyons-Avignon-Aix route this summer) of which it can also be said: "it must certainly impress foreigners with an unfavourable opinion of the nation in general . . . the chambers are cold and comfortless, the beds paltry, the wine poison, the publicans insolent and the bills extortion."

POOR Smollett! He was an irascible fellow, and badly in need of a rest, and he seems to have rid his system of much bile by pouring out these observations on France, gathered much in the spirit of one of the more efficiently jaundiced American columnists.

His remarks on tipping are grimly realistic. "I would advise every traveller," says Smollett, "Who consults his own ease and convenience to wink at impositions on the road. So sure as you enter into disputes, you will be put to a great deal of trouble, and fret yourself to no manner of purpose. I have travelled with oenonomists in England, who declare they would rather give away a crown than allow themselves to be cheated of a farthing. This is a good maxim, but requires a great deal of resolution and self-denial to put into practice."

It is often assumed that the Riviera first found favour with English visitors in the Victorian century, and also that while sea-bathing was shown to be beneficial to health at Brighton in Regency times it was not until a decade or two back that Cap d'Antibes and Monte Carlo became bathing resorts.

DR. SMOLLETT disproves both these assumptions. In 1763, the year when France signed away French Canada at the Treaty of Paris, the Riviera and Provence had big English colonies, enjoying the confidence of the French civilian, for war then was not the enthusiastically totalitarian affair it has now become, but a thing fit only for the soldiery.

Then, says Dr. Smollett: "The people in Nice were much surprised when I began to bathe in the beginning of May. They thought it strange that a man, seemingly consumptive, should plunge into the sea . . . but they perceived that I grew better in consequence."

The cost of travelling to the Riviera in those days? The prices, when Europe—although split into so many parts—was still proudly European, bear favourable comparison with the fares by either air or wagon-lits to-day.

"The journey from Calais to Nice, of four persons in a coach, or two post chaises, with a servant on horseback, travelling post, may be performed with ease for about £120, including every expence."

Which is £30 single, first class.

THE time seems overdue for an anthology of "Famous Booings in the Theatre" or perhaps a volume of reminiscence—"Catcalls from My Gallery."

Newspaper readers now know that at the final curtain of the Hon. Douglas-Home's recent *Ambassador Extraordinary* there were critical cries from upstairs, and whether or no justified

it does not come within my province to judge. I would say only that Mr. Douglas-Home has brilliant theatrical gifts and should not write a play (a) before he is quite certain what he means to say or (b) in too much of a hurry.

The most sensational first night booing of recent times was over twenty-five years ago when Miss Laurette Taylor came over from New York to play in *One Night in Rome*. This was one night of double-booing.

First (legitimate?) booing began when the gallery could not see what was happening on the stage, due to structural faults in the American scenery. Miss Taylor came out and apologized for this misfortune. Then when the curtain went up on the second act the noise increased, and *poudre infernale* was sprinkled on the people in the stalls.

In the middle of the uproar C. B. Cochran walked on the stage and stopped the play, and an hour later half the actor-managers in London were trying to compose, on the telephone, a joint letter of protest to *The Times*. That scene alone must have been worth any price of admission.

What had happened? The second demonstration had been made by a gang of the "boys," who had been paid £50 for the job. But by whom—and for what reason—is still a mystery.

THE most amusing first night booing was at Daly's a few years later after Noel Coward's *Sirocco*, not such a bad play, but I was in the minority. At the final curtain a gorgeous new theatrical cliché was born.

Poor Frances Doble, with tears streaming down her face, stepped in front of Noel Coward and through the storm was heard to say: "Oh, this is the happiest moment of my life!"

Perhaps the anthology might be titled "First Night Mishaps."

The spring of the Laurette Taylor fracas was a vintage one for powder in the stalls. Robert Hichens's *Garden of Allah* was produced by Arthur Collins at Drury Lane, involving a sandstorm in the realistic Lane tradition. On the first night it also involved the audience, for the Sahara was made to blow the wrong way, and when the lights went up in the interval we were shown to be all covered with a mixture of ground cork and, I think, baking powder.

The unfairest part of first night mishaps is that they are apt to capture the headlines, to the disfavour of the play itself; as when Robert Lorraine, after a superb performance as *Cyrano de Bergerac* had to support a falling piece of scenery in the last few minutes—and only thus achieved the front pages of the popular prints next morning.

THOSE who have seen the English music hall performers at the Palladium—something of a rare event in itself—may have noticed the tendency of the survivors from a robust age to shy away from the menacing microphone, raising and lowering its ugly mug as if in reproach from the centre of that vast stage.

Most of them were at their best when farthest away from the pest, none of them—Ella Shields, Nellie Wallace, Randolph Sutton, Billy Danvers—showing anything but the reverse of vocal decrepitude.

These were human beings matured in a full-blooded, healthy native school of entertainment, God bless 'em. Although I think that Ella Shields's singing of "Burlington Bertie from Bow," a little near the knuckle when it touched on frayed shirt cuffs and other hall-marks of the smart man of to-day.

"Burlington Bertie," by the way, was not the creation of Ella Shields, although the familiar tune is here, for there was another "Burlington Bertie" (not of Bow) created by an elegant little person called Lady de Frece or Vesta Tilley.

CANNED CANTOS by Justin Richardson



Past and Present

I remember, I remember
The h. where I was b.,
The window where the sun peeped in
At 5.10 B.S.T.
They should, of course, have drawn the
blinds;
A growing girl needs rest.
Perhaps that's why this poem's so
Outstandingly depressed.



If

If—(here ensues a list of situations,
None of them very probable in fact,
Each with a few crisp, manly indications
Of how the fifth-form hero should react)
If this is how, my son, you take your fences,
Yours is the world; but, more than that,
you'll find
You are the perfect Homo Kiplingensis—
And don't you worry about things like mind.



Mr. Thomas Clyde and Lady Elizabeth Clyde.
Lady Elizabeth is the only daughter of the
Duke of Wellington



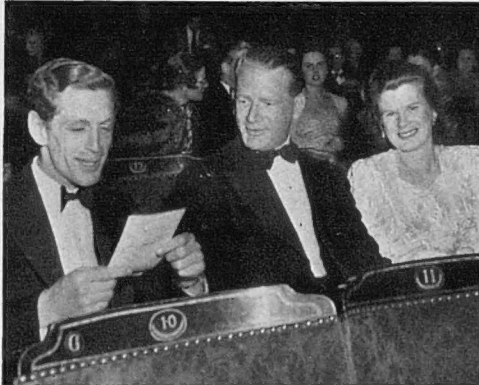
Mr. Ludovic Kennedy with the Duchess of
Northumberland, elder daughter of the
Duke of Buccleuch



Major Rowat with Lady Doverdale, wife
of Lord Doverdale, and Mr. Billy Milton
in the foyer



Mr. and Mrs. John Wyndham were two
more at this exceptionally brilliant first
night at the Aldwych



FIRST NIGHT OF "AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY" (see also overleaf)
The Hon. Edward Douglas-Home, brother of
the author, with Mr. D. W. Robertson and
the Hon. Mrs. Edward Douglas-Home



Miss Anne Somerset with her cousin Lady
Caroline Scott, who is the younger daughter of
the Duke of Buccleuch

Anthony Cookman
with Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"Ambassador Extraordinary"
(Aldwych)

IT was perhaps a little naughty of the Hon. Douglas Home to let the Panslavonian dogs (as Johnson would have called them) have better morals than the British Foreign Secretary. He asked for trouble, duly got it from the gallery first nighters and appeared to enjoy it.

I must confess that my own political withers were unwrung. The diplomatic intrigue in the background of the fantasy seemed to me like Coleridge's mathematics—just the author's fun. No doubt he meant its implications to be taken rather seriously, but if a playwright drops a handsome and more or less nude young Martian into the Foreign Secretary's study and gives him little or nothing to do but make unscrupulous love to the Foreign Secretary's pretty daughter, he can scarcely expect that we shall take very seriously any political message he may write upon the wall.

WE take the scandalous behaviour of Sir Hartley Harris, P.C., M.P., no more seriously than we take the new Message from Mars. The message is to the effect that the Martians are in the post-atom era, and having no further use for their vast accumulation of bombs think of unloading them on to us unless the messenger can find anything here which it would be a pity to spoil.

He is devoted to his mother, who is herself a devotee of the B.B.C., and he has been particularly requested by her to look carefully at a certain memorial in Kensington Gardens and at the Zoo's Baby Panda.

In such a situation what can a Foreign Secretary

do but invite the distinguished visitor to dinner and out of consideration for his nudity insist that he and his wife, daughter, secretary, and butler should also wear skins with decorations. But he is from the first an unscrupulous fellow. He allows the unsuspecting Panslavonian Ambassador (with whose country England is on the brink of war) to come in conventional evening dress, thus, as he hopes, causing Panslavonia to affront the tender susceptibilities of the V.I.P. This is an exceedingly funny scene, and it is a pity that it can only end in the not unexpected appearance of the Martian immaculate in borrowed tails.

The fantasy up to this point promises well. Its second act shows the Martian's uninhibited wooing of the Foreign Secretary's by no means unwilling daughter and has at least an irresistible curtain line. Unfortunately the author develops the situation in such a way that the Foreign Secretary, anxious to avert war and still more anxious to score over Panslavonia, is shown yielding after scarcely a struggle to the temptation to doom his own daughter to the fate worse than death simply that England may favourably impress the formidable visitor.

THE not altogether happy second act is with all its disadvantages amusing enough and infinitely better than the dull last act in which the fantasy clumsily flops and the good Englishman blushes with shame as his representative puts across his Panslavonian opponent a fast one that can by no stretch of the imagination be called cricket.

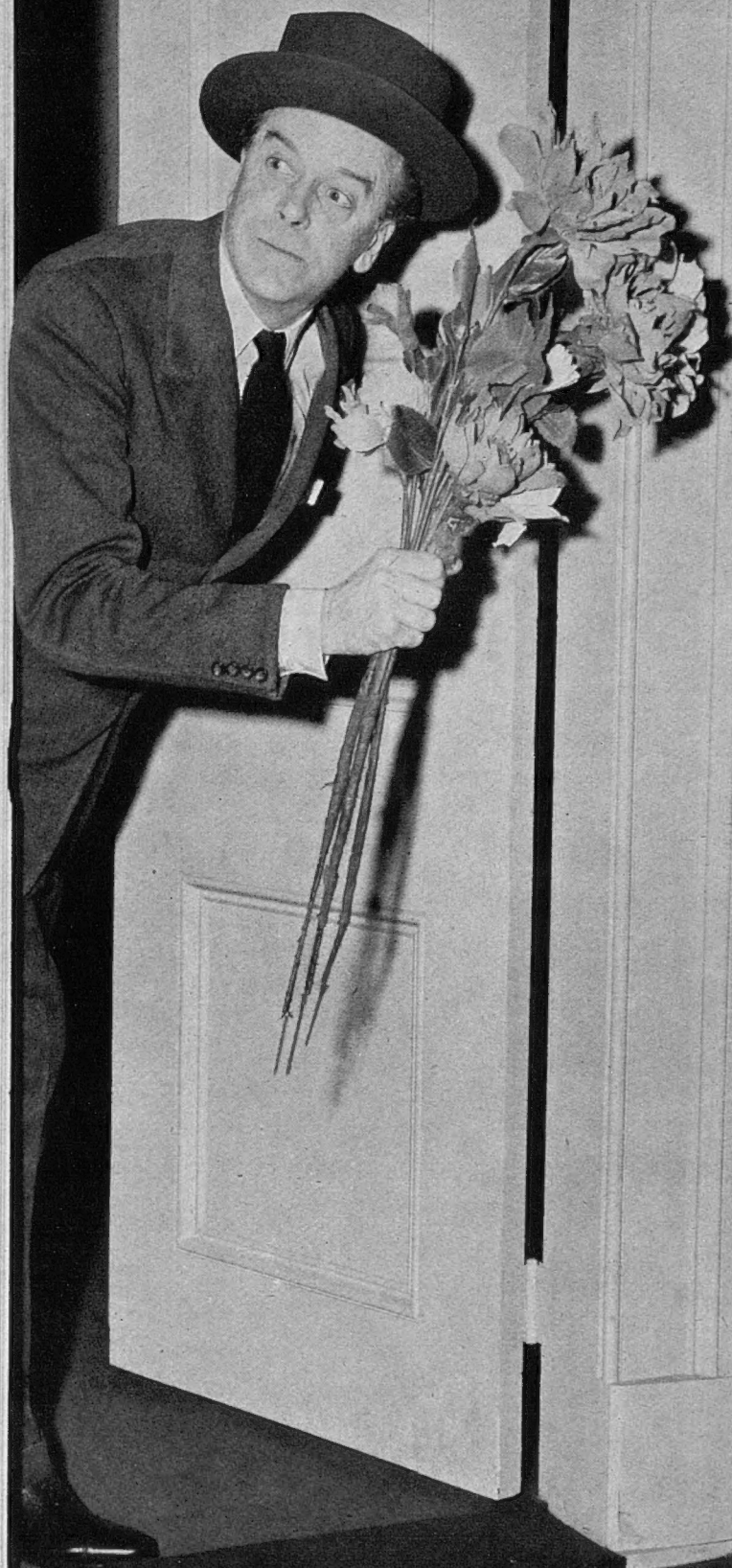
The piece is delightfully acted by all concerned — by Mr. Raymond Lovell, as the comic betrayer of his country's sacred principles, by Miss Jane Baxter as the easy-going daughter, by Miss Iris Hoey as her anxious mother, by Mr. Lloyd Pearson as the much injured Panslavonian Ambassador and by M. Jacques Berthier as a physical credit to Mars. It was at their accomplished playing that the stalls laughed, at what they were given to play that the gallery boomed.

County Repertory at the St. James's

THE experiment of bringing representative repertory from the great provincial cities to London has succeeded handsomely, but not beyond the expectation of those who make occasional theatrical excursions into the country. From the Liverpool playhouse came a beautiful performance of *The Cherry Orchard*, with an especially fine performance by Miss Gladys Boot as Madame Ranevsky. The Sheffield Repertory Company brought Mr. Alfred Sangster's stage biography of the Brontës and played it pleasantly; and it is now the turn of the Birmingham Repertory entertainingly to show in a modern dress version of *The Rivals* how close to permanently recognizable human nature Sheridan's figures of high comedy happen to be. Mr. Malcolm Farquhar's Captain Absolute, Mr. Robin Bailey's Faulkland, Mr. John Phillips's O'Trigger and Mr. Alan MacNaughton's Acres are all performances of spirit and finesse.



Sartorially correct to the last stud, the Martian Ambassador (Jacques Berthier) arrives for dinner in tails and white waistcoat as the guest of the Foreign Secretary (Raymond Lovell) and his wife Lady Harris (Iris Hoey). On his right is Parker the butler (Charles Groves), whose dignity has suffered not a little by wearing Martian attire; Isobel, the Foreign Secretary's daughter (Jane Baxter), and his P.P.S., Lord Seymour Stangate (Richard Watts). The only other guest in the party, the Panslavonian Ambassador (Lloyd Pearson) finds himself adequately dressed in a dinner jacket



JACK BUCHANAN is just back from the U.S. after making an immense success as guest-star in *Harvey*, the record-breaking prize play by Mary Chase which is to be produced in London later in the year. He is seen here as Elwood P. Dowd, the man who imagines he has a giant white rabbit sharing his apartment. Jack Buchanan, who first appeared in the West End at the Apollo in 1912, and has been seen since the war in the revue *Fine Feathers* and the play *Canaries Sometimes Sing*, has had a remarkable career on the lighter stage, and he is also an actor-manager, for he controls the destinies of the Garrick Theatre. He has been invited to star in a new Ziegfeld Follies revue in the U.S. next autumn

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

Stars In Their Courses

"FILM star" is still used as a term of contempt and the adulation poured upon stars patronized as a moronic mania by a new school of dramatic purists and puritans which seems to regard looks, charm, any kind of allure, as superfluous or even improper adjuncts to acting ability. Early publicity pundits are of course to blame, but the cinema did not invent the homage audiences want to pay a beautiful and brilliant actress, even if it has grossly over-exploited it. Actresses from Peg Woffington to Ellen Terry or Sarah Bernhardt have gone down to history on the combination of talent and personality for which film companies are always scouting.

Sometimes it does seem as though the day of the great film stars had passed. Feminine stars at least have surely waned since the pre-eminence of Garbo, Hepburn, Chatterton, Loy, Lombard, Colbert, Davis, ten years ago—to go no further back. Some of these survive and flourish, others have vanished. Since Ingrid Bergman and Deborah Kerr no successors have appeared in what I should call the same class. There is to be seen, however, on a London screen, a French actress who is at least the equal of any of these (always excepting Garbo), and is probably just now at the very height of her radiance: Edvige Feuillère, at the Continental, Tottenham Court Road, in *L'Idiot* (after Dostoevski.)

MADAME FEUILLÈRE has of course long been a distinguished stage actress in Paris. In such films of hers as used to reach us before the war she used to appear little more than competent. Then last year we saw her to greater advantage in *Sarajevo* and recognized an actress of infinite charm, elegance and sensibility. In *L'Idiot*, as Dostoevski's camellia-like lady, Nastasia Filipovna, we can see her give a bravura display of acting in the show part of a nineteenth-century idealized courtesan. Nastasia is a more subtly tormented creature than other ruined ladies, and Madame Feuillère, while giving an exciting display of her alternating dignity and violence, tenderness and hysterical bravado—as in the painful scene where she scandalizes her suitors by offering her hand to the highest bidder—never lets us lose the sense of the unquiet spirit with its claim on the compassion of the epileptic prince whose truly sublime innocence earns him the title of Idiot. It is worth remarking, too, that Madame Feuillère performs a prodigy unusual on the screen by transforming her appearance (with dark hair and a new eyebrow-look) without losing a hairsbreadth of her own charm.

Apart from the inevitable shift of emphasis from the Prince (Gérard Philippe) to Nastasia, the adaptation, though literary and laden with dialogue, has been done with delicacy. The

illusion of Old Russia, of its grace and decay, charm and horror, is much more convincing than in another recent French film from Dostoevski.

Many persons of the drama, again inevitably, are sacrificed, but enough retained for the essentials both of drama and atmosphere.

The spectator is not, like the reader of the book, identified with the gentle prince, but Gérard Philippe is such a living illustration of the original that he succeeds, with a minimum of material, in conveying the candid mind of the Idiot who alone of the mad, sad company can perceive the truth.

GINGER ROGERS is certainly not at the peak of her brilliance in *It Had To Be You*, at the London Pavilion. Miss Rogers occupies a very special place in most of our affections and, after more than a year, it is a sad disappointment to see her so far from her best. Rather than suppose however that this very bright star is prematurely past her prime, I prefer to blame the directors, Don Hartman and Rudolph Maté, for letting her wheeze and pant like a Pekinese and pipe like a canary.

It is difficult to say what exactly is wrong with this picture. The basic story seems just the right frivolous trifle for Miss Rogers. As a reluctant bride, she is always running away from weddings at the crucial point, because of the "dream man" in her heart. First she succeeds in materializing this figment of her imagination as an embarrassingly ever-present Indian who takes up residence with her family. Then, Miss Rogers profiting by previous experience in psycho-analytical films, succeeds in tracing her own fixation to an actual small boy and finding the very live and kicking fireman he has become.

With Miss Rogers in it, how could it go wrong? There is even a little wit in the development of the theme and Cornel Wilde, not the most interesting actor in Hollywood, succeeds in making

some difference between the offensive Dream Man and his down-to-earth counterpart. But the laboured direction and uninspired dialogue prove too much for anybody except Percy Waram, who manages to be perfectly natural and very funny as the heroine's father, while Miss Rogers strains throat and lungs and eyes in vain. Only towards the very end, when the worst is over, and in an occasional passing remark flipped at the butler, does she recall a hint of her old New Yorkerish sense of unforced absurdity.

STARS are hardly likely to be made by *Cheyenne* at the Warner, although that good actress Jane Wyman is a Western heroine of more than usual character. This is a Western with a difference, and the difference is a matter of taste.



To my mind there can be two approaches to a Western: first that it is an established film form to be performed every time in deadly earnest however well everybody knows what must happen next; or second, that everybody likes horses and the old situations can be livened up by any legitimate diversions or notions.

Cheyenne seems to me to fall between the two by trying to parody itself without doing so wholeheartedly or wittily enough for the joke to be shared with comfort and certainty. Dennis Morgan is a little too naturally a musical comedy type for us to be sure that he is meant to be at all funny as the gentleman gambler. When Miss Wyman finds him using her portable bath behind a precarious screen, the scene may be meant as a caricature of all male foam-bath scenes—but it is not quite different enough. Moreover a Western is the one kind of picture most of us expect to find free from the ribaldry which Hollywood so seldom has the tact to steer past embarrassment. I kept feeling that Raoul Walsh had directed as he thought Lubitsch might have directed if Lubitsch had made a Western. Walsh, however, is no satirist but a veteran director of Westerns. The dubious aspects are only trimmings of *Cheyenne* and there is enough hard riding in pursuit of the stagecoach, through menacing gulleys with the lone figure silhouetted on the boulder rock, to have taken it straight.

The *Times Literary Supplement* has been having a correspondence about, "the very popular method of teaching American without tears provided . . . by talking films" and I note from the two latest Westerns that "apache" is pronounced "apatchy" and "Cheyenne" "Shy-en."

WITH considerable imagination, it is just possible to discern from *Green Dolphin Street* at the Empire why M-G-M thought the original novel might make a colourful costume-piece, enlivened by an earthquake and an original setting on a mythical Channel Island. What is not possible to understand is why, having awarded the book a prize, they cast Lana Turner as the tough business-headed sister, gave the film dialogue not to be believed even when heard, settings like adjacent California beaches—one labelled Green Dolphin Street, one hung with some straw mats to indicate China and the third with some Maori emblems for New Zealand—and then let the whole thing drivel on for the unconscionable time of two hours and twenty minutes.

Surprisingly dated, or rather overtaken by reality, I found *Metropolis*, Fritz Lang's old factory-town fantasia revived at the Everyman, Hampstead. The story of a robot-revolutionary modelled on Brigitte Helm preaching pacifism to the workers from a mock-altar was always a nightmare in Teutonic, even Wagnerian, morbidity. To-day the architectural monstrosities which in 1926 impressed as visionary are everyday sights.

BRIAN REECE As the ineffable "Thomas Trout" of *Bless the Bride*, Brian Reece has scored a major personal success and established himself as one of the most promising of the younger comedians of the West End stage. He began his training the hard way by joining the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, served with the Gunners in 8th Army during the war, and was "spotted" by Sir Charles Cochran whilst running a troop show in London. His "P. C. Archibald Berkely-Willoughby" is now almost as familiar to radio listeners as is his nicely studied fooling in the A. P. Herbert-Vivian Ellis success at the Adelphi. Of Anglo-Irish parentage, Reece was born in Cheshire, and entered the catering business in his father's office, but soon deserted it for his natural comic vocation. Besides his theatrical and radio engagements, he is also appearing in cabaret at the Lansdowne



Photograph by R. St. Clair, Zantons

George Bilainkin: AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



H.E. Mme. Philippe Baudet, wife of the French Minister at St. James's

IN a few vigorous steps the Minister Plenipotentiary at the French Embassy to the Court of St. James's, M. Philippe Baudet, covers the distance between a modest French car and the steps of the Republic's mission near the Mall. His expression clearly indicates the gravity of problems to be reported to the Ambassador, H.E. M. Rene Massigli, K.B.E., about the latest conference with British or American or Belgian colleagues on international affairs.

Baudet is not only administrative head of the chancery under the ambassador, but also liaison officer with the endless specialist missions that colour the London hotel scene. His unconventional career has led from the home of a noted steel founder to the world's diplomatic Mecca. At school in Paris Baudet met his immediate predecessor as Minister in London, plump, gentle-spoken, brilliant Jacques Camille-Paris (the final "s" is sounded), who is now one of M. Georges Bidault's departmental stars at the Quai d'Orsay. Baudet secured law and political science degrees, while also demonstrating an enthusiasm for racing cars, a sport in which he won a notable prize.

NEXT came real adventure. Moneyless, in the U.S.A., he worked his way, earning 60 cents an hour in a Pennsylvania aircraft factory and later washing cars at night in New York, while studying, externally, English literature and economics (indigenous variety) at Columbia. The harvester moved from farms in Oklahoma to Nebraska, from South Dakota to Saskatchewan in Canada.

Suddenly he heard the call of France. A job in a ship was a difficult problem, but fortune smiled, and he turned stoker in a French wheat carrier to Oran. He "worked" to Paris, studied, took his examination for diplomacy and entered the foreign service.

Ankara was a desert in 1928 when Baudet arrived as the new attaché, and watched the evening parties of bridge and jollity till 8 a.m. with his host Kemal, Turkey's founder. Baudet lost only one car in Anatolia, from a cliff, but there are stories of narrow escapes with others. In Washington in 1930 he was succeeded by Jacques Camille-Paris, whose place he took in Pekin.

Following sick leave, Baudet returned, completely recovered, to the commercial department at the Quai, and married the helicopter inventor Breguet's daughter. Mexico was his next diplomatic assignment, and Baudet watched Allied propaganda as First Secretary and Chargé d'Affaires, and saw much else. On fateful June 13th, 1940, the family returned to France, in the steamer the Nazis bombed and sank three days later off St. Nazaire. The Vichy Foreign Office dispatched Baudet to China, where he remained (with Baudet junior, aged one-and-a-half) till the end of 1941. By then, Russia was at war with the Axis, and Japan had just attacked the U.S.A.

IN April, 1942, the Baudets came to Britain. At once Baudet joined de Gaulle's army, was chosen for the foreign department here, and then tasted life as a civilian, for he took an ordinary passport to the U.S.A. as "assistant delegate." France was only partly recognised by the U.S.A. There was little fun in Washington and much strain.

In February, 1945, he became one of the four geographical department heads at the Quai, and last November was promoted again. He was selected chief lieutenant to France's history-writing envoy, who will live in books and finely composed dispatches, Rene Massigli.



H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, patron of the Trust which promotes short-term schools for youth-training, talking to Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, chairman of the Ball, and her husband, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, M.P.

The "Outward Bound" Trust Ball



Major Ian Thwaites and Miss Diana Veasey were two of the large number of guests at the Dorchester



Capt. Ramsay at supper with Lady Sherwood, wife of Lord Sherwood and a daughter of Viscount Camrose



Mr. Lubbock talking to Miss St. Aubyn during an interval in the programme of dances



Mr. Hugh Leggett raises a glass to Miss Monica Battine, one of this season's debutantes



Mr. Mansfield, the Countess of Euston and Baron and Baroness Westenholz enjoy an after-supper conversation



Mr. Oliver P. M. Haskard, only son of Col. and Mrs. Dudley Haskard, of Alderbury Holt, Salisbury, and his bride, Miss Caroline Worthington, only daughter of the late Lady Diana Worthington and the late Mr. Greville Worthington. Mr. Henry Garnett was the best man. The bridesmaids were Lady Clarissa Duncombe, Sarah Radclyffe, Lucy Beckett, Rosanna Foster, and Sarah Garnett, and the five pages were Richard Beckett, Harry Garnett, Anthony and Julian Parish, and Alastair Hamilton

Wedding at St. Michael's, Chester Square



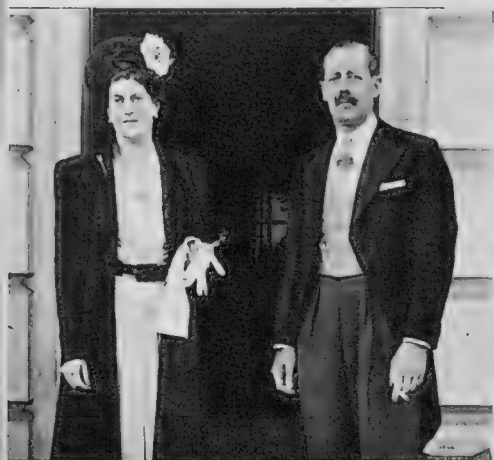
Col. and Mrs. N. Brinckman and Mrs. Arthur Young, who is standing between them, were among the guests



Miss Joan Radclyffe, Miss Susan Colfax and Miss Susan Greenwood, were three more who were present



The bride was given away by the Earl of Feversham, her uncle, here seen with the Countess of Feversham



Major and Lady Mary Lyon. The reception afterwards was held at 10, Hyde Park Gardens



Mrs. Peter Thomas, Miss Angela Baddeley and Mrs. Spurrier, sitting in the garden



Lady Joan Peake, wife of Mr. Osbert Peake, M.P., who lent the house for the reception, with Mary Rose Peake



F. J. Goodman

Her Excellency Mme. Mohsen Rais, the vivacious and youthful wife of the Persian Ambassador, who is a diplomat in her own right, and whose family is well known in the political life of her country. There are two children

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

Court News: Holyroodhouse parties seem fated to be marred by bad weather, but the heavy rain which fell as guests arrived at the ancient grey Palace for Their Majesties' Afternoon Presentation Party during the Court's stay in Edinburgh was not allowed to damp their spirits or to spoil the peak day of the Scottish summer season. With the experience of last year in mind, the King had given orders for tea to be served indoors instead of in the marquees, already erected in the gardens for the following day's garden-party, so the guests were able to ignore the rain as they took buffet tea in the long Picture Gallery after the Royal party had passed through the State Rooms.

AMONG those I saw in the tapestry-hung rooms of Holyrood were the Dowager Duchess of Northumberland, in attendance as Mistress of the Robes, wearing a dress of pale steel-grey satin, lavishly patterned with sparkling paillettes; Lady Elphinstone, the Queen's sister, in black, with a large picture hat decorated

with red roses; the Duke of Montrose, in naval uniform instead of his familiar kilt; the Marquess of Hamilton, Hereditary Keeper of Holyroodhouse, and the Earl of Airlie, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, both in kilts; also the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl of Balfour and the Duke of Buccleuch. Lord Elphinstone should have been on duty as Captain-General of the Royal Company of Archers, the King's Bodyguard for Scotland, whose Lincoln-green tunic and bonnets with their high eagle feather add so much to the picturesqueness of the scene, but an unfortunate accident which caused a broken rib prevented him from attending.

Among well-known Scottish ladies who made presentations were the Countess of Airlie, the Countess of Balfour, who presented Lady Evelyn Balfour, Lady Christison, Lady Sinclair, Viscountess Colville of Culross, Lady Headley, the Hon. Mrs. Hew-Dalrymple, the Duchess of Montrose, who presented Lady Jean Fforde, Lady Alice Fergusson, the Countess of Dysart, who presented her daughter, Lady Katharine Greaves, the Hon. Lady MacGregor of MacGregor, Lady Macnamara, Lady Moncreiff, who presented her daughter, the Hon. Pamela Moncreiff, the Countess of Haddington,

Lady Mackintosh, Mrs. Guthrie of Guthrie, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, and Lady Victoria Wemyss, who had been hostess to the King and Queen and Princess Margaret at tea the previous evening at Wemyss Castle.

Mrs. Arthur Woodburn, wife of the Secretary for Scotland, also presented several ladies, and a number of other presentations were of wives of officers of the Royal Scots, the regiment of which the Princess Royal is Colonel-in-Chief. The Princess originally hoped to be in Edinburgh to make these presentations herself, but found herself unable to undertake the engagement.

MANY old friends were greeted by the King and Queen as they walked round the crowded rooms, stopping to talk to their guests with the same happy informality that characterised the Presentation Parties at Buckingham Palace. Among those being presented, the Royal party had a specially warm greeting for the Hon. Mrs. Andrew Elphinstone, niece of the Queen by marriage, and Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Elizabeth, who was presented by her mother-in-law, Lady Elphinstone.

Immediately after the party the Queen, who was in a dress of pale hyacinth blue silk, the

ankle-length skirt and the short reversed cape both knife-pleated, went on to another party, this time a cocktail party given by the officers in Scotland of the Royal Army Medical Corps, of which her Majesty is Colonel-in-Chief.

Each evening during their stay at Holyrood, the King and Queen invited a few guests to dinner, and another occasion on which they met several Scottish friends was the luncheon party given at Broomhall by Lord and Lady Elgin during the Royal tour of Fife. Those at the party included Lord Lindsay, Lord Cochrane of Cults, Col. and Lady M. Balfour, Sir Ralph Anstruther and Admiral Sir Dalrymple-Hamilton.

FOR two hours guests streamed up the apple-green carpeted stairs of the fine Swedish Embassy in Portland Place for the reception given by the Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Boheman to celebrate the ninetieth birthday of King Gustav V. of Sweden.

The Ambassador received the guests with his good-looking wife in the first of the well-appointed reception rooms on the first floor, where I met many personalities of the Corps Diplomatique, members of both Houses of Parliament, and other friends. The Norwegian Ambassador was there with Mme. Prebensen, whom everyone was delighted to see about again after her recent indisposition; they brought their attractive daughter, Evie, who has made friends among the younger set in London and told me she loves living here. Sir George and Lady Franckenstein were chatting to Col. the Hon. George and Mrs. Akers Douglas, who told me they hoped to be up in Scotland for the "Twelfth." The Nepalese Ambassador I met with his lovely wife, who was, as usual, wearing the most wonderful jewellery on her national costume. They are a charming couple who will be greatly missed when they leave London for H.E. General Kaiser to take up his new military command in Nepal next month.

The Soviet Ambassador I saw admiring the lovely tapestry and later in earnest conversation with a group of men friends. Sir Geoffrey and Lady Shakespeare were the centre of another group of guests near by. Others who came to drink the health of the Swedish King included the Foreign Minister and Mrs. Ernest Bevin, Sir Orme Sargent, Mr. Marcus Cheke, Mr. and Mrs. Hector McNeil, Sir Andrew and Lady Duncan, the Lord Chancellor with Viscountess Jowitt, Viscount Hall, and Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder and Lady Tedder.

THE United Nations Association are arranging several rallies and garden fêtes this summer. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland have lent Sutton Place, their lovely sixteenth-century home near Guildford, for a fête and rally on Saturday, July 17th, when Mr. Anthony Eden, M.P., and Viscount Jowitt, the Lord Chancellor, will speak. On the following Saturday, July 24th, Lord and Lady Leigh have lent Stoneleigh Abbey, their historic home in Warwickshire, when it is hoped the speakers will be Sir Patrick Hannon, M.P., and Mr. Clement Davies, M.P. A similar but smaller gathering is to take place at Buckland Grange, Ryde, Isle of Wight, on July 10th, when Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Saunders have lent their home.

BEFORE the Varnishing Day lunch given by the Royal Society of British Artists I enjoyed a quiet walk around the Suffolk Street Galleries to see the Summer Exhibition of the R.B.A. The outstanding portrait is the one of H.M. the King in R.A.F. uniform, painted by Edward Seago, which, when the exhibition closes, is destined to be hung in the R.A.F. College at Cranwell. This picture, which portrays the King in a sitting position, is one of the best likenesses of his Majesty that I have ever seen. A small but interesting portrait by Sylvia Gosse is of Philip Gosse holding a favourite Rhode Island Red hen. Facing, there is a striking

small picture called "Ruined Cottages," by Antony Lake, which shows two partly-demolished cottages made of bright red brick. In Gallery VI. there is a charming painting of a village church in Brittany by Sir Victor Wellesley. There are several interesting pieces of sculpture in the Exhibition, and I especially liked Doris Gerrard's head of Sir Victor Sassoon, the Hon. Mrs. Carruthers' delightful head of a boy, and John Skeaping's model of a Devon heifer. This, he told me, was really a portrait, as he bought the heifer at market last summer, not for her milking value but for her beauty! Mr. Skeaping, who served in the Army during the war and was one of the small band of brave men who did a lot of work behind the enemy lines with paratroops, is now back working full time at his sculpture at his farm in the West Country, except for the two days a week when he comes up to lecture at the Royal College of Art.

The luncheon was presided over by Mr. John Copley, president of the Society, who made a speech telling guests about the work of the Society; he was followed by Mr. Philip Hendy, Director of the National Gallery, who spoke with dry humour. Among those at the luncheon were Sir Edward Marsh and Dame Edith Evans, Flora Robson and Pamela Brown representing the theatre.

MISS BETTY SCOTT, the only child of Capt. and Mrs. Claud Scott, made a very pretty bride when she married Major Christopher Birdwood, 12th Royal Lancers, at St. Michael's, Chester Square, recently. She wore a bridal dress of white brocaded satin and her long tulle veil was held in place by a head-dress of real white roses and Stephanotis. She was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Julia Bovill and Miss Diana Dalmahoy, in long French blue satin dresses, carrying sprays of red roses, with matching wreaths in their hair. The bride's train was carried by two pages, Simon Toynbee and Bernard de Hoghton, wearing white shirts and long white satin trousers. The

young Lord Kitchener, who when a child went to a kindergarten with the bride; his mother, Viscountess Broome, in mushroom pink, Lady Ursula Horne in blue and white, Count and Countess Edward Raczyński (he was Polish Ambassador here before the war) and their small daughter, Mrs. Van Drakenstein, Miss Minnie Hogg, Col. J. M. T. Hogg, Dr. Peter Hall, who was best man, and Mrs. Claud Scott. Earl Kitchener proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, to which the bridegroom replied in a short, concise speech before they left by air for the honeymoon, which they are spending in Ireland.

I WENT to the first night of *Cage Me a Peacock*, at the Strand Theatre. This is a very original "musical" by Noel Langley in which the young American actress, Yolande Donlan, plays the lead in an irresistible manner. She received a tremendous ovation on the first night from an audience which included among others Lord Gifford, Mrs. Margaret Sweeny, accompanied by Mr. Paul Warburg, and sitting just behind Mr. Jack Dunfee, who presented the show with Mr. Bill Linnit, who was sitting on the other side of the stalls with his wife. Sir Louis and Lady Stirling were in the front row of the stalls and behind them Mr. Bill O'Bryen escorting his wife, Elizabeth Allan, pretty in pale blue. Other stage stars in the audience that night were Alfred Drayton and Hermione Gingold.

Another interesting first night was the opening of the Hon. William Douglas Home's new play, *Ambassador Extraordinary*, at the Aldwych. I enjoyed this play enormously, as I have done the author's two previous successes, *Now Barabbas* and *The Chiltern Hundreds*. During the interval I saw the young Duchess of Northumberland wearing a ballet-length skirt of brown faille, with her sister, Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, talking to the author and members of his family. Also Mr. Jeremy Tree, the Hon. Michael Astor, Lady Stanley of Alderley wearing a white ermine coat over her pink chiffon dress, Lady Doverdale, who was in a box, and Mr. Tommy and Lady Elizabeth Clyde, who had come down from their seats in the dress circle and were talking to Mr. Budge Patty, the U.S. tennis player.

I WENT down to Wimbledon on two afternoons during the All England Lawn Tennis Championships and saw firstly the two semi-final matches of the men's singles in which the Australian, John Bromwich, beat the Hungarian, J. Asboth, and the U.S. player, Bob Falkenburg, beat his fellow countryman, Gardnar Mulloy. The first match, in which one saw some magnificent tennis, was one of the longest I have ever watched. It lasted two hours, the second set going to 14-12. Mrs. Attlee, a keen lawn tennis enthusiast, watched the match from the Royal box, and near by in the Members' box I saw Mr. "Khaki" Roberts, the K.C.; also the Dowager Lady Swaythling, who had brought down a party of six, including two Australian-born friends, Mrs. Chester Wilmot and Mrs. Bemins, the latter over from the United States with her American husband. Others watching these matches were Viscount Rothermere, Lady Plender, with her leg in plaster after her recent accident, talking to Mrs. Ingleby-Mackenzie, the Hon. Mrs. Moore-Gwyn and Mrs. Stammers.

On my second visit I saw tall, lanky Falkenburg beat Bromwich, who was three times within a point of victory. The Duchess of Kent, very chic in navy blue, was in the Royal box with Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, Lord and Lady Herbert, Mrs. Winston Churchill, Mrs. Attlee, and Viscountess Jowitt. Others watching the tennis that day included the Duchess of Sutherland, sitting near Lady Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butler and Mrs. Tucker, wife of the Bishop of Cleveland, Ohio, who was over here with her husband for the Lambeth Conference.



Marcus Adams

Mrs. William Forbes, of Oakley Green House, Oakley Green, near Windsor, with her children Ian and Anthony. She is the wife of Lt.-Col. William Forbes, D.S.O., Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and before her marriage in 1941 was Miss Diana Knox. She is the only child of Mr. William Barr Knox. Lt.-Col. Forbes is a nephew of the Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair

ceremony was performed by Canon Gillingham, picturesque in his scarlet cassock of H.M. the King's chaplains. This delightful and sporting Canon takes the whole service without a prayer-book and conducts the ceremony with a really human touch, which is the secret of his great and widespread popularity. When he did not come on to the reception, I was told he had slipped away quietly after the service to watch the cricket at Lord's.

A guard of honour of N.C.O.s and men of the bridegroom's regiment formed outside the church as the happy couple left for the reception, where I saw the bride's parents, the bridegroom's mother, his uncle, Field Marshal Lord Birdwood, in khaki with six rows of medals,



Two of the finest eights seen at the Henley Royal Regatta for many years. Thames R.C. "A" crew maintaining the lead over Jesus and Pembroke in the Grand, which they held almost from the start

A GREAT HENLEY—AND AN ENCOURAGING AUGURY FOR BRITISH ROWING IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES

Thames R.C. Row Through to a Brilliant Final with Jesus and Pembroke in the Grand Challenge Cup



In the Leander Club

Members of the Royal Chester Rowing Club: Mr. T. S. Bigland, Mr. M. Harley, Mr. T. W. Harley and Mr. R. T. Bigland



Mr. James Beale (1st Trinity B.C.) with Mr. Slim Hiliary, from the Isle of Skye, and Mr. J. B. de Fonblanque



Mr. J. H. Wilson (Cambridge) talking to Mr. Charles Reid, the London rowing coach



Mr. and Mrs. William Mayer found dull weather offset by exciting racing



The sun shone for Miss Gillian Dold, Miss Gill Longworth and Miss Rosemary Bidder



Mr. D. W. Stratton and Miss Margaret Curry walking to a good vantage-point



Mrs. Bernard Eastick, a regatta-goer from Maidenhead, in a charming dress



Miss Barbara Ramsay-Green walking from the marquee with Mr. Paul Morgan



Mr. A. Stanley Garton, an umpire, and Mr. L. G. Wormald, who rowed in the 1912 Olympics



Mr. John R. Drexel III, the Hon. Mrs. John Drexel and their daughter Pamela were also keen spectators



Mr. Vivian Cornelius takes a stroll with Miss Mariegold Moule



Mr. C. W. Kent was stroke for Cambridge in 1891-94



Mr. K. V. Elphinstone and Mr. H. A. Game, who rowed for Cambridge in 1895-96



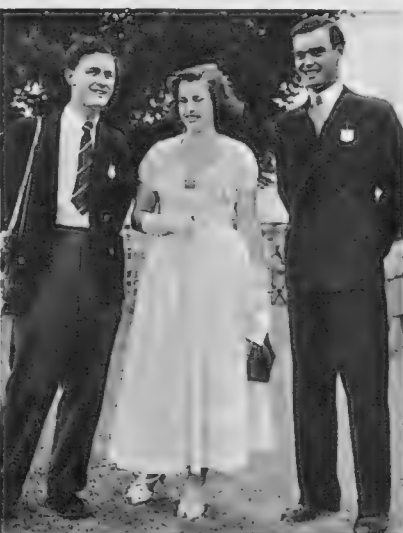
Mrs. W. Boulton, another smartly-dressed visitor to the "river Ascot"



Capt. and Mrs. G. W. Taylor, from Kenya, accompanied by Col. and Mrs. G. W. Tufton



Mr. Stanley Garton, Lord Portarlington, and the Hon. and Mrs. Sherman Stonor

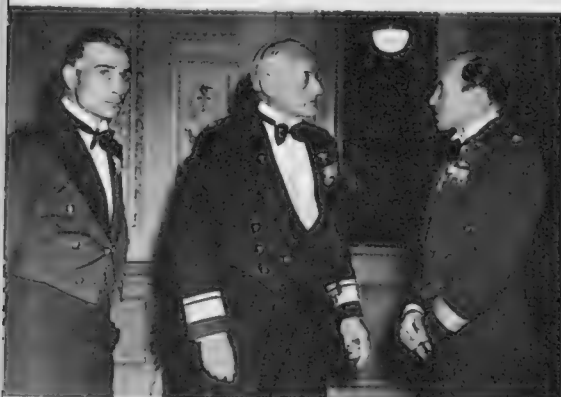


Mr. Guy Collings was there with Miss April Sadler-Phillips and Mr. Michael Pearson



Mrs. John Guest was another of the visitors who provided a fashion highlight

The R.A.F. Hold a Dance at Halton House, Aylesbury, Bucks.



W/Cdr. R. Scoggins, Air Vice-Marshal P. Livingstone, Director-General of Medical Services, and Air Cdre. G. Ballantyne, Director of Dental Services



Air Cdre. Hart, Director of Technical Policy, on the stairs with Mrs. Hart



Air Cdre. J. F. Titmas, Station Commander, Halton, and Mrs. Titmas



G/Capt. J. Mutch (left) talking with Air Marshal A. B. Ellwood, Bomber Command chief



G/Capt. C. E. Maitland, Mrs. Coote-Robinson, W/Cdr. R. A. R. Coote-Robinson, Senior Administrative Officer, Halton, and Mrs. Maitland



F/Lt. Kenyon-Muir, Mrs. Kenyon-Muir, Mrs. Walker and F/Lt. Walker were four who enjoyed the dance given by the Officers' Mess at Halton



Miss Hill, W/Cdr. J. R. R. Jenkins, Miss Shirley and G/Capt. T. U. C. Shirley, relax in comfort for a few moments

Priseilla in Paris Night of the Veils

Too many galas. Too many kermesses. Too many fêtes. Our clothes are in rags, and our money-boxes empty; but we feel a thrill of pride to think that the Kermesse aux Etoiles raked in some six or seven million francs for the various charities for which it was given. I think I wrote about the good manners of the crowd last week. One cannot be everywhere at once, and I have heard since that Jean Marais had to have police protection from autograph hunters.

The Bal de la Voilette was the prettiest gala of all. Who was the ungallant person who said that only an ugly woman can have invented the veil as an article of adornment? The gossamer-like veils worn at this affair were enchanting, and rendered beautiful women even more beautiful; while the plain ones became quite charming. What a glamorous and romantic touch can be added to one's appearance by a few inches of plain or spotted net! Christian Bérard (naturally) designed the décor, and many of the frocks. Miles and miles of veiling festooned the ballroom of the Maison de la Pensée Française and decked the cosy, artificial bowers.

AMONGST the guests were Jean Cocteau, who supervised the proceedings; Mme. Paul Auriol (who has so nobly gone to every gala since the season opened) wearing a pale-blue *pailletée* frock; the Comtesse de Hautecloque, the Duchesse de Levis-Mirepoix, Henri Bernstein, the Princesse de Broglie, the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, the Vicomtesse de Noailles, all veiled and masked in the most romantic manner. The artist Léonora Fini wore one of the costumes she designed for Roland Petit's feline ballet, *The Ladies of the Night*, in which Margot Fonteyn scored such a triumph. It seems that a lawsuit is pending between the Ballet des Champs Elysées and Roland Petit, who, leaving the famous company that he organised several seasons ago, has now founded the Ballets de Paris; but both companies will be seen at Deauville this summer.

At the Bal de la Voilette I also saw Mme. Steve Passeur, who was wearing one of her sensational hats: it was whole-heartedly admired, since we were not at the theatre and no one was obliged to sit behind her; Maria Casarès, the lovely young cinema-star, came with the equally young Gérard Philippe, who seemed to have had shaving trouble, and beautiful little Nita-Raya was also present.

The party at the Ritz given by that very grand old lady, Mme. César Ritz, to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the foundation of the hotel, was a charming and restful interlude in the week's hectic activities. All that can be said about the famous hotel on the Place Vendôme and its innumerable celebrated patrons has been said, but may I transcribe a few lines from the letter of an English friend, Mrs. M. B. Davis, who writes me from her lovely home in the Pyrénées Orientales and says: "Mme. Ritz! Pioneer, magician and counsellor! Her flat, at the top of the hotel on the Cambon side, was a flower-perfumed oasis. I remember her as tiny and plumpish, *très élégante*, and she was always a friend rather than an *hôte*lière."

"To me, a motherless brat of fourteen or so, she was not only a friend, but the friend. 'Boots, child? Yes. You must go to Helstern . . . but do not lace them too tightly, it is bad for the circulation.' And when I enquired about the battle of flowers that was to take place at the Acacias: 'Oh, yes! We'll see, we'll see!' She waved her magic wand and, behold, a *voiture de place*, masses of flowers, someone to take me and . . . good advice. All her employees, from the famous head waiter Olivier, whom Edward Bourdet portrayed in his play *Le Sexe Faible* down to the youngest page-boy, were her devoted henchmen, and César, her husband, was the most devoted of them all. She is a very, very dear old lady."

This, I think, is a strikingly true portrait.

Voilà!

Now that the old-fashioned waltz is coming into its own again, one often hears the equally old-fashioned query: "Do you reverse?" that is not always answered in the affirmative, since reversing is a tricky business. A young '39-'44 war veteran was an adept, however, and so was his partner, but after a few turns he always slowed up and whirled off in the opposite direction. "Forgive me," he murmured in her ear, "but my leg comes unscrewed, and I have to tighten it up again!"



Miss Daphne Hitch, Mr. Raymond Long and Miss Angela Cleary are here enjoying the Jesus College "Commem" Ball

"The Tatler" at—

OXFORD'S COMMEMORATION CELEBRATIONS

On this and the following two pages *Tatler* photographers have recorded for our readers some of the events and festivities that made Oxford gay for five days last month. Included are photographs taken at Jesus, Merton, New, Hertford, Oriel, and Lincoln Colleges —→



A group dancing the reel; part of the festivities organised at Oriel College



Mr. E. H. Key, with Miss Mary Paul, and Mr. J. H. Bevan, with Miss Joy Williams, were another quartet at Jesus



Capt. Moore, Mrs. Cowan, Miss Morrison, Capt. Wallis, Capt. Cowan and Miss Black made a group at the buffet at New College



Mr. P. Gase Miller and Miss P. the night air as they stand of Merit College



Miss Wright, Mr. Garrett, Miss Joy and Mr. J. W. Smith have a talk over the coffee at Oriel College festivities



At Lincoln: Mr. J. Abbott, Mr. Basil Kenworthy, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, B. Lay, Mr. J. M. Pearson, Hon.

MORE PICTURES FROM OXFORD



Another party in the Quad at the notable Jesus included Mr. Peter Emery, Miss Anne Spokes, Miss Avril Edwards and Mr. Lionel Dickenson



Sir Frederick Ogilvie (right), the Principal of Jesus College, and Lady Ogilvie, chatting with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. W. Whiston. Mr. Whiston is an old Jesus man



Miss Johanna Gray, Mr. J. D. James, Mr. Houston-Pearson, Miss Pangelly, Miss Glen Davis, Miss Dorothy Key and Miss Cynthia Durham Ball, held again this year after a lapse



P. Jones enjoy
d by the gates
age



Mrs. Merwyn-Every, Mr. G. St. John Ives, Cdr. R. Pankhurst, D.S.O., R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. St. John Ives after supper at Hertford College



MacDonell, the Hon. *
ema. In front, Miss
Mrs. Kenworthy



A foursome at the buffet served by New College, were Mrs. Probenin, Professor Nicholas Probenin and Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth

Jalmar



Dancing in the "ballroom" at Jesus College which consisted of a large marquee erected in the quadrangle. The ball was attended by some 450 undergraduates and their guests

Jesus College had not held a function similar to this for twenty-five years



ss Mary Simpson, Mr. Staveley Payne, Mr. Albert
ham made up a party at the Jesus College "Commem"
se of twenty-five years"



Miss Betty Evans, Mr. T. Parfitt, Mr. A. G. M. Last, Miss Sylvia Marriott and Mr. W. H. Brister. The main party lasted from 9.30 in the evening to 6 in the morning and many supper parties were given in rooms



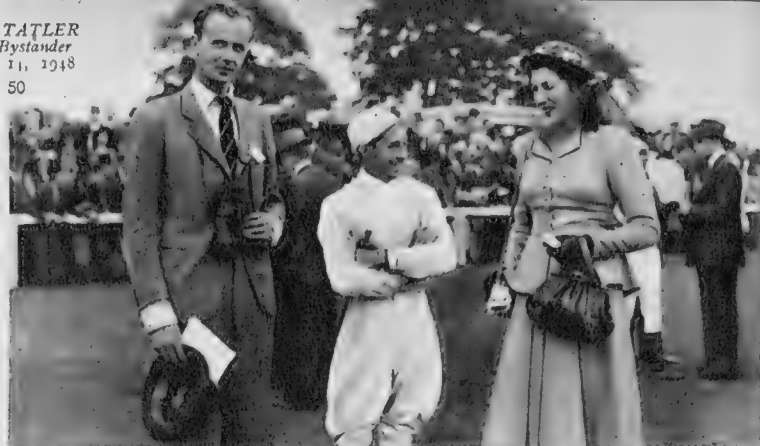
Toasting their host, Mr. R. C. Garnier (right), are Mr. R. Ashenheim, Miss S. Phillips, Miss Ena Bruch, Mr. D. Sydney, Miss Heather Draine, Mr. J. Silverman, Miss Celia Billsom, Mr. A. Pollock and Miss Elizabeth Johnston

Tasker, Press Illustrations



Lady Willoughby de Broke, Lady Sudely, Mrs. John Ward, and Lord Willoughby de Broke, were among those who saw the Irish Derby run at the Curragh

THE TATLER
and Bystander
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The Hon. John Skeffington, son and heir of Viscount Massereene and Ferrard, and his sister-in-law, Miss Sheila Lewis. Between them is Mr. Skeffington's jockey, G. Wells, who rode Barfelt

THE AGA KHAN WINS THE IRISH DERBY WITH NATHOO

His jockey, W. R. Johnstone, has ridden this year's winners of the English, French and Irish Derbys and the Grand Prix



Major and Mrs. Victor McCalmont. Major McCalmont, an amateur rider of note, is the son of Major Dermot McCalmont, M.F.H.



Prince Aly Khan leads in his father's colt Nathoo, the winner. W. (Rae) Johnstone is in the saddle



Lord and Lady Bury were amongst the spectators. Lord Bury is the son and heir of the Earl of Albemarle



Sir Robert Renwick, Bt., and Lady Renwick were also amongst the record crowd who watched the Irish Derby



Lt.-Col. J. E. D. Slocock with his wife, the Marchioness of Waterford, and Miss Eva Vivian. The Marchioness is joint-master of the Waterford Hounds



H.H. the Maharaja of Baroda, with his jockey, Charlie Smirke, in the saddling enclosure. The Maharaja's Star of Gujrath was second

Poole, Dublin



"Vintage-time in Edwardes Square or the Melbury Road"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

A CITIZEN howling for a revival of British vineyards, as once cultivated by the Romans and the monks, seemed unaware of the flourishing state of viticulture in St. John's Wood and in Kensington, where ancient vines still bear grapes lavishly in the open.

A typical white Kensington wine of the *grands crus*, like Château Melbury 1939 or Jardins-Mont-Campden 1943, is produced amid as many hazards, almost, as a Romanée-Conti. Enemies of the grape in Kensington are not so much hail and phylloxera as cats and cads, local vintage-merrymakings being further complicated by the fact that 75 per cent. of the peasantry, having never been introduced, are unable to speak to each other. This deadlock is probably unique in Europe, though Horace seems to refer to it in Bk. V, Ode XV:

Happy, who flushed with Massic wine,
With Cæcuban made warm,
Preserves what seems a jest to swine—
Namely, good form.

Me Bacchus lately moved to wink
At Phyllis and her chums;
She rightly cut me dead, I think,
As did her Mums. . . .

Some authorities hold that this refers actually to vintage-time in Edwardes Square or the Melbury Road, where vines and Phyllisses abound. As no local Phyllis would look twice at a saucy Bohemian, by whomsoever introduced, this theory seems what dons call "empirical."

Game

THAT playboy who recently led a herd of helpless tourists, French and British, into the murky depths of the Paris catacombs, so-called, and got them lost for several hours could qualify (we thought) as one of what Mr. Jorrocks called the Premier Wags if he hadn't lost himself as well. Evidently an amateur.

Moreover, he apparently had no object, except to enjoy the rather naïve fun of losing them. A skilled operator would have done it in order to collect all their remarks—which undoubtedly were of an exquisite inanity—and to write these down later in a big album for the long winter nights. Connoisseurs divide touristic remarks into two classes:

1. Uttered by tourists shuffling hopelessly after a local guide;
2. Uttered by tourists hounded briskly along by an expert *de chez Cook*, or a first-class dragoman.

Footnote

A FINE American sequence of Class 2 is recorded in one of Mr. Evelyn Waugh's travel-books, on the topic of the Sacred Bulls of Sakkara (Egypt). Possibly the Parisian operator had no gift for bringing out such remarks. The simplest bit of information—e.g. "Ladies and gentlemen, the Municipality of Paris is fooling you. These are not catacombs but Gallo-Roman quarries of practically no

interest"—would be enough to start them off. Looking through an album of touristic *obiter dicta* we once came upon a cretinous crackerjack, a moronism of mirific purity. "Who on earth yielded you that one?" we said to the collector, an old friend, and he said "You."

Snag

NOR one of the Nature boys recently assembled in the delightful town of Swindon for the Richard Jefferies Centenary had the nerve, we noted, to hurl Jefferies' defiant defence of the Nature Racket at the popeyed citizenry:

"I wonder to myself how they can all get on without me—how they manage, bird and flower, without me to keep a calendar for them."

Overwhelming chorus of birdies and flowers: "Nicely, thank you, Mr. J.!" Note incidentally that this is their only retort. A certain distinguished Nature boy may remember our once suggesting to him that the obvious sequel to a delightful study of a fascinating dumb chum would be a book called *Henry Williamson*, by Tarka the Otter. We find this is not feasible for two reasons, (a) that few dumb chums—barring bears, who eat them—are interested in Nature boys, and (b) even if they were, they'd never get past the tough, blonde private secretaries of publishers. Imagine, for example, a beaver waiting patiently in some palatial, crowded anteroom with a bulky packet under his arm.

"Sorry, Mr. Whackstraw is in conference."

"Listen, he'll love my manuscript—it's about the incredible sex-life of a Nature expert called Mulciber Snoop."

"Sorry, Mr. Whackstraw is in conference."

"One pulsating thrill from end to end."

"Sorry, Mr. Whackstraw is in conference."

Exit beaver. Pause. Enter footman crying "Silence! Mr. Whackstraw is about to proceed to luncheon!" Enter publisher, sweeping grandly through and out to waiting Rolls. Curtain.

Chain

A THOUGHTFUL girl-gossip meditating on the Mystery of Events recalled to us the following peculiar chain of circumstances:

1. In 1901 the eminent Swedish playwright August Strindberg, a difficult type, married his third wife, a young Norwegian actress named Harriet Bosse, for whom he wrote *Swanwhite*.

2. In 1913 Mme. Strindberg III was running a fashionable nightclub in Heddon Street, W., called the Golden Calf.

3. One night in April of that year a chap we know, having tossed up after dinner to decide whether he should go on to the Golden Calf or to Murray's in Beak Street, got involved in a scuffle *chez* Mme. Strindberg, was handed back his engagement-ring by a charmer, dashed bitterly East, fought in World War I, and acquired three wounds and an

unknown Eastern germ which kept him in bed one day in 1925 when he should have been jollyng an American financier; whereby he missed a putative gain of roughly £5,000 a year.

4. Ten years later, meeting his ex-charmer by accident, he accepted a cast-iron tip from her clever stockbroker-husband which has set him back a quarter of his income for all time.

He has also acquired a limp, due to World War II, sciatica, due to waiting for taxis in the rain, bad temper, a bald head, and a curious neurosis connected with imaginary bicycle-bells and hauntings by the Sisters Brontë, which we can't go into now. For all this imbroglia he blames Strindberg exclusively. Is this fair? What about the unknown bandy-legged Nordic who probably murdered somebody about A.D. 200, and thus founded the Strindberg line?

And one more point—could our poor friend have bettered himself by going on to Murray's that night instead? It seems his ex-charmer is now (a) no oil-painting, and (b) a stupendous bore, poor sweet.

Capital

RAISING Manchester in print as the cultural capital of the United Kingdom, or maybe of Europe, a citizen of Manchester lacked the lyric sweep of our dear James ("Boss") Agate, the first Mancunian to describe to us this dream-city, its turquoise skies and baroque marble palaces, its cruel, exquisite women, its swarming intellectuals, its gipsy quarter, and above all the picturesque Calle de la Cruz, or Cross Street, where *El Guardián* is printed nightly by green-eyed *gitanas* performing Flamenco-dances, one gathers.

We said it sounded a bit like Seville, but the Boss said pooh, pooh, a thousand times more beautiful. We said it also sounded a bit like ancient Athens, but the Boss said rubbish, rubbish, a thousand times more culturally vital. By way of self-assertion we then said: "No doubt the Velasquez Venus came from Manchester?"

The Boss said: "A commonplace, a commonplace."

We bet you art-lovers never knew that?

Her first name was Aggie, her surname something ending in —botham, we can't recall what. And if you want to know what an ordinary third-class Manchester funeral is like, El Greco painted one, now known as the famous *Obsequies of the Conde de Orgaz*. It makes you think, as Ruskin said laughingly when Carlyle stepped on a tintack in his nightie.



"When Carlyle stepped on a tintack in his nightie"



The Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association Play Their Lords v. Commons Match at Walton Heath

Viscountess Mountgarret (Lords) driving during her match, in which she beat Lady Hall 6 and 5



The Marchioness of Carisbrooke, captain of the Lords' team, which defeated the Commons by 7 to 1, watched by her opponent, Mrs. George Ritchie, who beat her by one hole. It was the twenty-sixth annual match



Mrs. Hugh Cullen, who beat Mrs. M. Pease 6 and 4, was another member of the Lords' team

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

THEY all look good when they are only asked to gallop past trees, and you only find out the real truth when you ask them to beat racehorses. It is just the same as hunting from a railway-carriage window, riding a steeplechase from a nice secure seat in the grandstand, playing pat-ball against rabbits, or seeing a Test match champ. in what he does against even pretty good county stuff. Horrid war is the only real test, exactly as it is with gun-dogs. The warrior, or the dog, may look the absolute, but the weak spot only declares itself in the former when he is being shot at, and, in the latter, when he is being shot over. Bucephalus or Pegasus may stretch their field for dead at Bingfield or Bampton, and someone is then certain to say that he has seen the Derby or the Leger winner. How easy the obs. look from that railway carriage: it is as easy as falling off a log, jumping all those nicely trimmed steeplechase fences, and what a mess Padman did make of that ordinary stuff! But it is a very different pair of shoes when in all the instances just cited you bump into the real thing.

My Love's Grand Prix

IF "The Book" is worth anything at all, this good French colt ought to be a racing certainty for the Leger on September 11. He was not hustled to win our Derby, and he won the great French race even more comfortably. The distance, as everyone knows, is 1 mile 7 furlongs, which is nearly a furlong farther than our Leger. It is difficult to see any danger from any of our own colts. I doubt whether My Babu can get a yard farther than 1½ miles. There is only this dark horse, Black Tarquin, and the old saying that a good big one will always beat a good little one, but we do not yet know whether Black Tarquin is a good big one.

My Love is not a pigmy, but I should guess at a venture that he is nearly 3 inches smaller than Black Tarquin, who is 16.2½, and looks more. A course like the Leger might show us a very different performance by a big machine like this. I should think it would take him a bit of time to settle down into his real galloping rhythm. He is a very true mover, and he is trained by one of the cleverest long-distance experts in the profession, Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who has plenty of long-distance scalps hanging from his waist-belt.

As to the rest, I think it would be very improper to try to persuade anyone that a single one of them has any chance at all of winning over 1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards. At the moment we are completely without any assurance, and they will have to win their

spurs before being considered for even a place in the last big Classic.

Bishop and Prophet

MANY Old Harrovians have been kind enough to send me interesting reminiscences which have been revived by a recent note in this page about that great pillar of the Church and famous Harrow Headmaster, Bishop Welldon, and this latest one comes from Mr. Justice Chotzner, "Chotty" to so many of us, who was formerly an ornament of the Bench of the Calcutta High Court, and it displays the Bishop as a very fine prophet where one of his "little Harrow boys" was concerned. Here it is:

Some weeks ago you had a bit about Winston and Bishop Welldon, which I can supplement from my own knowledge. I was lunching with the Bishop at the Palace in Calcutta on January 1, 1900, and after an excellent meal concluding with Mangosteens, which he incidentally remarked reconciled him to some extent with life in the East, I asked him whom he considered to have been the most brilliant boy he had had under him at Harrow, and without a moment's hesitation, he said "Winston Churchill," and he added "He will be Prime Minister of England

before he dies." Considering that at that time Winston was merely a newspaper war correspondent in South Africa, it was a pretty good prophecy.

You may perhaps wonder at my meticulous accuracy as to the date. I keep no diary, but it was the year after the Bishop came to India and it was New Year's Day, because the Honours List was in the papers that morning and his chaplain, commenting on it, said "Don't you think, my lord, that it is a great shame that the Church is never honoured in these lists?" The Bishop answered "Yes, my dear fellow, we could do with a little ecclesiastical order in India."

Letty Lade

A RECENT note on the "English Mees" of the Victorian Era and upon some other "Meesses" who immediately preceded her in the hunting-field, seems to have amused some people, as I have had one or two entertaining and not quite proper letters! One of my sprightly correspondents, who has not much opinion of the Victorians, and says that they were just as bad as the worst, also adds that the Victorian mammas were very wise not to let their venturesome daughters go out hunting, since the voluminous riding habit of the period was an absolute death-trap. Quite right, and until the abbreviated apron form came into being they continued so to be in the succeeding reigns, for they were far too long, and when they got sopping wet and caked with mud, were rather like a porous plaster, and gave the unfortunate lady very little chance of being thrown clear and getting away from the pummel and leaping head.

Letty Lade, from a picture I have before me, did not wear one of those long habits: in fact, she looks almost modern.

After "Sixteen-String Jack" had been compelled to dance on the end of one string at Tyburn, Letty married Sir John Lade, a Regency Buck, a good gentleman rider, and a quite first-class four-in-hand whip; and further respectability was thrust upon her by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who painted her portrait. The picture is still extant, and looking at it I have often wondered why she made so many hearts beat faster than was good for them. She was not in the same street as "Skittles" so far as looks went, judging purely by these pictures. History seems to tell us that "Skittles" had the legs of Letty all to nothing, as they say on the turf, but no further anatomical details are afforded us. And she was not the only Victorian by a good many who could gallop a bit, so perhaps they were not all as fond of *Lancelot and Elaine* and playing the harp as their modern detractors try to make out.

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Good heavens, no!—Briggs doesn't mind. . . ."

EMMWOOD'S WARRIOR WARBLERS

(No. 7)

A rare and rapidly disappearing species which has for the most part quitted its native habitat for less typical tropical zones

ADULT MALE: General colour above puce, crested with shapeless mass of felt-like feathers; extremely shaggy above the eye-sacs, below the beak and upon the upper and lower mandibles; body feathers green and very untidy: much festooned at the extremities with all manner of entertaining baubles; feet large, leathery and nimble; the bird is capable of making odd little leaps, sideways, when surprised, its green plumage allowing it to lose itself in the thick foliage.

Note: Many of the birds are green enough to lose themselves anywhere—and without being surprised.

HABITS: According to Generalissimo Thatsnota Tracitsa-conta, the well-known Japanese authority on this bird: "The Great Bearded Jungle Creeper, although now almost extinct, had, when it roamed at will in the great jungle limberlost, many most amusing little habits. The bird was wont to move in flocks, the senior bird taking the lead: the younger and therefore greener birds following in its wake. It was most amusing to watch the pathetic antics of the 'Commander' bird when trying to determine what course to set for the daily flight: it was even more amusing to watch the confusion which ensued, the course having been taken. The bird is inordinately fond of the more fluid forms of nutritive intake, although, it must be admitted, it is apt to be extremely carnivorous: or so the more mulish of observers obstinately avow. The bird has an odd habit of moving at such a prodigious great pace that it very often finds itself estranged from its tail: at this latter time its frightened little cry may be heard 'Donslucnowsurbut-weearalone'."

HABITATS: The Lesser-Known Chindit is now no longer to be found cluttering up the many and various jungle byways: although some very young and very green bird may still be found scrambling around on some little-known track. Of late months the bird makes an annual migration to the bars and perches which abound in Western London: and the more salubrious places of Bootle.



The Great Bearded Jungle Creeper—or Lesser-Known Chindit

(Lostagaen-Butnotforgoten)

Scoreboard

ON the Wednesday of this week the Gentlemen v. Players match at Lord's will be played, not only for the recreation of the participants and the diversion of the spectators—that casual, zealous, negligent, fanatical, dreamy, statistical, mystical, practical, silent, eloquent, and somewhat necessary band—but also (breathe in, breathe out) to celebrate what would on July 18th, Sunday, have been the hundredth birthday of the greatest figure cricket has yet known, Dr. William Gilbert Grace. At the same time, his native Gloucestershire will celebrate the Centenary with a match against Derbyshire, at Bristol, where, in his forty-seventh year, the Doctor scored his hundredth hundred: to wit, 288, against Somerset, not giving a single chance in 5 hours and 20 minutes; allowing only four balls to pass the bat; and at midnight, after the unrationed banquet which crowned this feat, proposing that "we play Rubbers of Whist till three in the morning."



I KNOW about those four balls only passing the bat because my great-uncle Wickham had a watching brief behind the wicket. And I know about the banquet and whist because Sammy Woods, of Australia and All-England and all the world, used to tell me about them, and about the strength of the Doctor's head, and how he, Sammy, who loved "W.G."—all of him, fact and fancy—had him "plumb l.b.w. when he was 0, but the umpire was thinking of horses,

my dear." Mr. Woods and the Reverend Wickham used to play billiards sometimes, in unsleeping youth: 2000 up through the night; great-uncle on tea; Sammy on something that didn't need a kettle.

Now, about Dr. Grace. There were some lines put into the mouth of a Private Soldier in World War I, by, I think, G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, and they ran something like this:—

"Now Padre 'e says I'm a sinner,
And John Bull says I'm a saint,
And they're both of 'em
bound to be liars,
For I'm neither of 'em,
I ain't."

I pop in these lines, not, need I say, as any exact parallel or comparison, but just to have a bang at those two extreme parodies of the Great Man, namely, Holy

Flattery and Unholy Vilification. Neither the Albert Memorial nor a Picasso All-Sorts is true. Gordon of Khartoum was neither an ascetic genius nor an unapproachable brandy-bibber. Shakespeare did not spend most of his life poaching and telling stories in the Mermaid Tavern; nor, I fancy, on the other hand, did Hamlet as philosopher interest him over-much. So with Dr. Grace. But, you say, he wasn't a great man. Maybe he wasn't, but he was a great chunk of England. And he didn't, as the jackals claim, spend all his time telling umpires he wasn't out. He liked to win. We

nearly all do. Only we're apt to be too damned civilised to show it. Equally, he wasn't a god, though he was uncommonly like the surviving portraits of Jupiter. No; he was Dr. W. G. Grace, occasional physician and Number One in the gallery of cricketers. So here's a health to the Old Man on his 100th birthday.

TASTES

THOSE there are who find Bezique
More insoluble than Greek;
Nothing pleases others less
Than being breathed upon at Chess.

To horsemen cyclists are "a crowd,"
And horsemen speak their thoughts aloud;
Cyclists answer, "Look, how coarse,
A man in red upon a horse!"

For some the sound of scatter-gun
Exploding quite upsets their fun;
Others feel that life's unpleasant
If they cannot miss a pheasant.

Some say Halma soothes the soul,
If you have one; on the whole
The British Public think of Ludo
More benignly than of Judo.

As to Tastes—NON DISPUTANDUM—
Some go solo, some on tandem;
As to me—it may be sin—
I like the games in which I win.

RC. Robertson-Glasgow.



The Enton Fly Fishers' Club hold their annual lunch at Witley, near Guildford. Seated, left to right, are Mr. T. Westhead, Mrs. Maitland, Mr. H. L. Hendriks, O.B.E., Mrs. W. H. Thomas, Mr. C. B. Buxton, Mrs. C. B. Buxton. Standing, left to right, are Mrs. H. de Paula, Mr. I. M. Gluckstein, Miss C. T. Gluckstein, Mrs. A. Salmon, Mr. P. Kelly, Mrs. F. de Paula, O.B.E., Mrs. I. M. Gluckstein, Mr. J. Salmon, Mr. C. R. Porter, Mrs. F. de Paula, Mr. S. H. Colton, Mr. F. R. S. Yorke, Mrs. P. Kelly, Mr. H. R. Smith, Miss P. Morgan, Mr. A. Salmon, Mr. J. Maitland, Mr. O. J. Roy, Miss P. Buxton, Mr. R. E. H. Drury, Mr. W. H. Thomas, Mr. R. Willington

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"MOUNT IDA," by Monk Gibbon (Cape; 18s.), is a book far from easy to classify—it is not quite autobiography, not quite novel. Mr. Gibbon has, indeed, forged a form of his own: and why should he not? He is an outstanding Anglo-Irish poet; he is the author of *The Seals*. Moreover, in *Mount Ida* he is making a new approach to an ancient subject—the primary subject, possibly, of literature: love. The book is built out of what are (from the point of view of narrative) three unfinished stories—episodes, one might say—linked to one another, only, below the surface, by the continuity of the author's life. The stories have a common denominator: love. The nature and, as it were, level of the three loves (felt by one man, the author, for successive women) is different: there is an effect of ascent up a steepening slope, into higher air. Hence the symbol in the title: *Mount Ida*.

What happens to us when we fall in love, or at the moment when we are about to fall in love? The question is raised, and answered, by three encounters—with a Swiss girl at a school in North Wales, with an English girl in Italy, with a Dutch girl in the Austrian mountains. The first case, it is true, is not one of attachment or of desire but, rather, of fascination with a bold character. The second is a blend of beauty with pain; the third an idyllic tenderness, held in check by the fact that the author is now married.

In so far as *Mount Ida* is autobiography, it is a panorama of an entire range of experience at three different epochs. One has heard people say: "I can remember every face, every voice, every sight, sound, smell, taste, every street or countryside, every mood of the weather connected with that time." Evidently this is the case with Mr. Gibbon; who has, in writing, abandoned no single memory—nothing would seem to be, to him, irrelevant. He has woven everything into its place around what is, for the time being, the magnetic central figure, the beloved's.

LIKE Marcel Proust, in fact, Mr. Gibbon has embarked upon a *Recherché du Temps Perdu*. And he does subscribe to Proust's theory that love is subjective in character. The lover feels—but what, apart from his feeling for her, does he know, actually, of the beloved? He can be certain of nothing but his own feeling—does she, outside that zone, exist? Of the three girls, only the first, the Swiss—with whom the "I" of the story never was in love—stands out

clearly. She, alone, is a person: the other two are glimpsed, fragmentarily, through a shimmering veil. One can see why the second, the beautiful Elizabeth, complained of the loneliness of being perpetually the object of idealistic love.

The visionary, the ideal concept dominates the book—the sensual, if not actually deprecated, is all but ignored. While one cannot say that this invalidates Mr. Gibbon's picture of love, it may, for the majority of readers, unbalance the picture somewhat, throw it out of the true. Most of the generation to which Mr. Gibbon belongs, and certainly those in age below it, have, in maturing, fierced and roughened: there is an "everything or nothing" point of view—to which *Mount Ida* cannot but be alien. Considered as love-affairs, these three encounters must seem extremely static, and thin. They are not, however, to be considered as love-affairs.

It partakes of the nature of poetry in being at once personal and impersonal: the personal element has been sublimated. All the same, because it is a real life story, the reviewer, in criticising the action, is to an extent inhibited. Were the "I" the hero of an out-and-out novel one might, at moments, censure him—was he not self-regarding; was he not, in the long run, playing for safety? Always there was an alibi. Here, for instance, is the moment after the moment when he has let Jopie know he is married:—

It was done now. So easy once done, so hard in anticipation.

A man poised on a diving-board, waiting to take a plunge a little steeper than he is accustomed to, feels as I had felt the moment before. If I had confessed to a priest and received absolution for a hundred misdemeanours the sense of relief which rushed over me could hardly have been greater. I had nerved myself to the moment and I was glad. She knew. She must know. I had said "my wife . . . my child" several times quite clearly. I was no longer a wolf in sheep's clothing—no, indeed, certainly not a wolf; at worst a sheep, one of the many sheep who look occasionally with mild, moist eyes over the fence which encloses them.

It was no joking matter. I had told her, not tongue in cheek but with the flurried embarrassment of a schoolboy, and she could see from the manner of my telling that I was far from being the practical philanderer. Rather was I what Malwylde von Meysenberg fifty years before had described as a "Don Juan of the ideal."

"Mount Ida"

"Twelve Million Black Voices"

"The Woman in the Sea"

"Reprints"

The book is long; only not too long because it is written in beautiful, even, vital, compelling prose. Mr. Gibbon is, as a writer, directly in the great Anglo-Irish tradition of Yeats, George Moore, Æ., Synge—lovers of the flow of the idea and the flow of words. Such prose crosses the modern scene as oddly as a river a built-up area. Such prose is not the vehicle for everything; it must find, or create, its own subjects. It seems, somehow, foreign to this our century; it is an anachronism, but a lordly one.

"TWELVE MILLION BLACK VOICES" (Lindsay Drummond; 15s.) is sub-titled "A Folk History of the Negro in the United States of America." Ralph Wright, who wrote it, is already known here as the coloured author of *Native Son*—a novel which created a deep impression, sold widely in two continents, and has been recently dramatised in London. Now, again, he takes up the pen on behalf of his own people, uttering a terrible indictment of past suffering, present-day abuse, and exploitation all along the way. We begin with the slave-ships, end with the city slums; in between is the heart-breaking, spirit-breaking and back-breaking servitude to "Queen Cotton" in the South.

This is a book, I take it, designed to hit America's conscience hard. To the British reviewer it presents delicate problems—comment could only be inflammatory. We must, I imagine, take it that an increasing number of white Americans strongly feel the enormity of the coloured Americans' position, and are out to right it: ignorance can have been the only reason why such things should have persisted for so long. *Twelve Million Black Voices* certainly dispels ignorance. It is a cry of "Let my people go!"

Go, not necessarily from America, but forward with the rest of humanity. Education, decent living-conditions, political justice and an unrestricted start in the working life are what Mr. Wright cries out for. . . . The facts he presents are in themselves so striking that I feel he could have afforded to state them more quietly, less rhetorically—is it not grim, stark quietness, in these days, that acts most strongly on the imagination? (I am not quite certain, in point of fact, as to the original publication-date, in America, of this book: there is no reference,



The evening's gaiety at its height in the beautifully-panelled hall of the second oldest Cambridge college

CLARE COLLEGE HOLDS ITS MAY WEEK BALL



Lt. Crowley, R.N., and Miss Wilson find a comfortable corner in which to sit out



Mr. Lee Harragin and Mrs. N. Collinette were two more of the large and happy assembly



Mr. Peter Wilson and Miss Ann Sherry were also sitting out for a refreshing drink



Mr. Redhead and Miss J. Hargreaves preferred chairs in the open air for their smoke



Late night picnic enjoyed by Miss E. Murray and Mr. N. K. Webb



Miss E. Matthews and Mr. J. Leahy on their way from the ballroom to the Quad



Miss D. P. Wagstaff with a guest from another college, Mr. G. B. Oswald, of Trinity Hall



Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Hargreaves, of Melbourne, sample the pleasures of a College occasion



Miss J. H. Wilkinson, Mr. A. Thompson, Miss M. Reed and Mr. D. Matheson were four more who found the evening a most enjoyable one



Behind: Mr. P. Fourman, Mr. M. Stoker and Mr. D. Seaton. In front: Mrs. Fourman, Mrs. Seaton and Mrs. Stoker



Miss N. Thoresby and Mr. F. Pawson were also among the guests

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Laing — Dalrymple-Hamilton

Mr. Alexander Grant Laing, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Laing, of Belton, Gullane, North Berwick, East Lothian, married Miss Graeme Elizabeth Dalrymple-Hamilton, daughter of Admiral Sir Frederick and Lady Dalrymple-Hamilton, of Cladyhouse, Stranraer, Wigtownshire, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London. The Queen and Princess Margaret attended the wedding. (The picture which appeared in our issue of June 30th under the above heading was of the best man and the bridal attendants)



Sedgwick — Hayman

Mr. Ian S. P. Sedgwick, son of the late Mr. Sydney Sedgwick, of Colombo, and of Mrs. N. Sedgwick, of Woldingham, Surrey, married Miss Gwenneth (Micky) Hayman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hayman, of Woldingham, at St. Paul's Church, Woldingham



Oakes — Hartmann

Sir Sidney Oakes, Bt., son of the late Sir Harry Oakes, of Nassau, Bahamas, and Lady Oakes, married Miss Greta Hartmann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gunnar Hartmann, of Manor Hall Avenue, Hendon, and Copenhagen, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Hendon



Smith — Boucher

Mr. Ronald William Smith, D.F.C., son of Capt. Percy W. Smith, O.B.E., and Mrs. Smith, of Solihull, Sweetcroft Lane, Hillingdon, Middlesex, married Miss Denise Boucher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Frank Boucher, of Denecourt Road, Olton, Warwickshire, at Solihull Parish Church, Warwickshire



Heale — Rigg-Stansfield

Mr. David Herbert Heale, Indian Police, second son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. W. Heale, of Kingston St. Mary, Taunton, married Miss Pamela Jean Rigg-Stansfield, elder daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. H. Rigg-Stansfield, of Dowlish Wake, Somerset, at St. Andrew's Church, Dowlish Wake

Time is precious...

MOVADO SEND US THIS GEM OF A WATCH
FOR A LADY'S WRIST. EACH TINY PART OF ITS FULLY-
JEWELLED LEVER MOVEMENT IS MADE WITH CONSUMMATE ART BY
SWISS CRAFTSMEN. INSPECT IT WITH PLEASURE IN OUR
SHOWROOMS. IN GOLD.



NOTE THE VERY
SLIM PROFILE, AND THE
JEWEL-LIKE EFFECT OF
THICK, ROUNDED GLASS

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Photographs by Eric Joysmith

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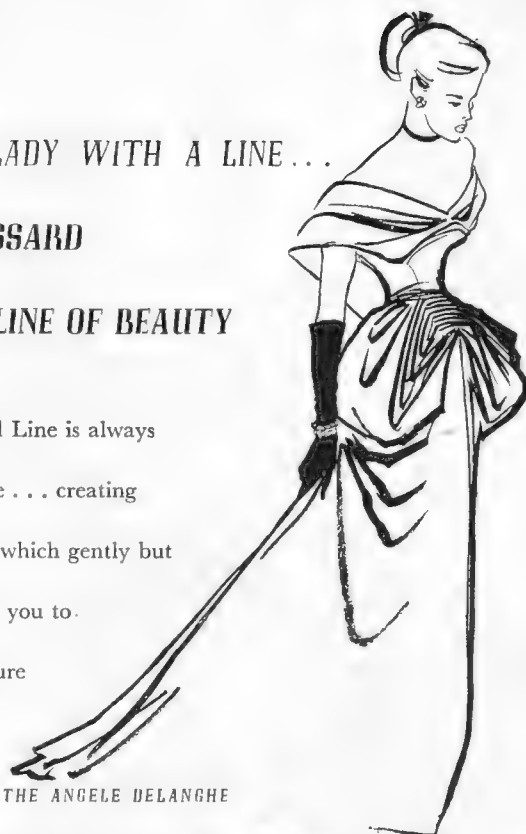
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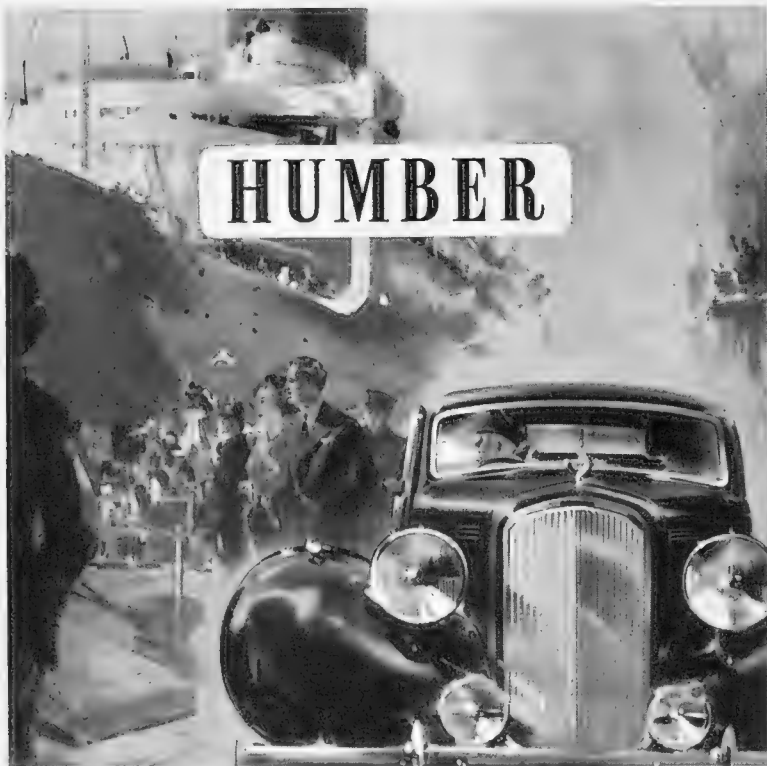


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Miss Rosemary Miller, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. Miller, of South Parade, Doncaster, Yorkshire, who has announced her engagement to Mr. R. E. Sargeantson, Royal Horse Guards, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Sargeantson, of Brook House, Tickhill, Yorkshire



Miss Penelope Ram, eldest daughter of Sir Granville Ram, K.C.B., K.C., and Lady Ram, of Furze Park, Polruan-by-Fowey, Cornwall, who is engaged to Mr. John Henry Lambert, of H.M. Embassy, The Hague, son of Col. R. S. Lambert, M.C. and of Mrs. H. J. F. Mills



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The Hon. Philippa St. Aubyn, younger daughter of Lord and Lady St. Levan, of St. Michael's Mount, Marazion, Cornwall, who is engaged to Mr. Evelyn Hulbert-Powell, only son of Canon and Mrs. Hulbert-Powell, of Burrell's Field, Cambridge



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The Hon. Pamela Nivison, second daughter of Lord and Lady Glendyne, of Herontye, East Grinstead, Sussex, who is engaged to Mr. George Laidley Atkinson-Willes, son of the late Capt. G. A. Atkinson-Willes, and of Mrs. Van der Byl, of Elsenwood, Camberley, Surrey

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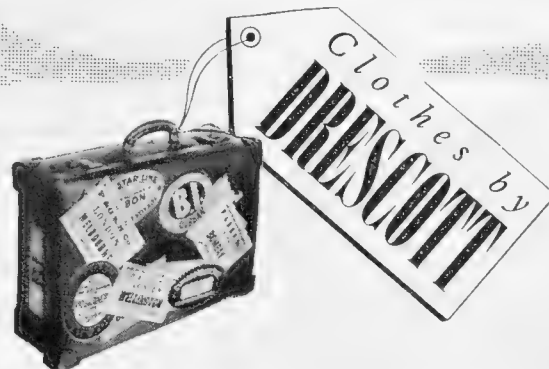
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BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 54)

here, to the second World War—which must surely, as the first World War did, have worked on the negro's feeling as to his status? As a document, this would have gained still more force could one be certain that it was up to date.)

Here, though, Mr. Wright has given us something more than history: his book is a beautiful interpretation of race-spirit. Against all hope, against reason, there surges up in the coloured people of America a love of life, a faith in God and each other, a capacity for joy. They worship, they sing, they dance; they raise large families. Their wretched shacks in the South, their disgraceful tenements in the cities focus mystical feelings, for their own kin, for home. Or, have done so—for now, Mr. Wright suggests, the pressure being put upon their endurance is becoming too great: men, embittered, deserted; young people take to the streets and are no more seen.

Twelve Million Black Voices is expanded by superb photographs—these, with their captions, are so "speaking" as to be almost enough. Close-ups of the negro face, at all ages, are unforgettable. There are scenes at home, at church, in the dance-halls; there are shots of the cotton-fields, of workers, of sleepers; there are dark views of street and tenement life. Edwin Rosskam, who secured and edited these pictures, should, in fact, be saluted as fellow-author of this impressive book.

The Woman in the Sea, by Shelley Smith (Crime Club, Collins, 8s. 6d.) has a gruesome prologue, but afterwards settles down to the telling—with considerable art—of a straight story. The novel, in fact, is based on a real life case which, culminating in a sensational trial,

made large headlines some years before the war. All crimes *passional* attract interest—in this instance, I think there was something more: the story was so odd that the imaginative, rather than purely ghoulish, person could but muse on it, wonder what lay behind. I can recall that, at the time of the trial, many of us felt a troubled and puzzled pity for the boy and woman who found themselves in the dock.

Miss Shelley Smith admits to taking the "framework" of her story from that case. The characters, one does not doubt, are her own: they are the creatures of a high-grade, perceptive imagination. They are tawdry, but somehow not sordid—prey, it is true, to their vanities and daydreams, but redeemed by good-nature, ingenuousness. Mrs. Robinson, in particular, is likeable—as well as being remarkably convincing. Poor creature, the last thing she wanted was to be *femme fatale*: thwarted maternal instinct, boredom, and being odd man out in a snobbish, censorious country neighbourhood, send her drifting, almost unknowingly, into the arms of Arthur. Arthur—again, far from bad in his own way—is a tragic example of a trivial figure caught up in a blind, impersonal force.

Wishful-thinking elderly Mr. Robinson, eye-rolling Irish Molly, and the seedy but somehow cosy Villa

Arcadia interior are touched in with a not less sure hand. *The Woman in the Sea* really does throw light upon human nature. It is colloquially, often ironically, written; but there is inherent in it the dignity of tragedy. Under guise of a detective story, Shelley Smith has written a formidable novel.

MODERN classics, long lost to us through being out of print, are re-appearing, at low price and in attractive dress. John Lehmann,

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RECORD OF THE WEEK

THERE is an amazingly good pianist who is new to records in the person of Monique de la Bruchollerie. It is not often that a first record introduces so much virtuosity.

Mlle de la Bruchollerie plays *Toccata* (Etude, Opus 111, No. 6) by Saint-Saëns, a piece of music requiring brilliant and clear-cut execution, which she never fails to achieve.

For her second side she plays *Deux Valses-Caprices* by Schubert, in which she puts plenty of light and shade, and otherwise demonstrates that she has a first-rate technique.

I shall be very disappointed if Monique de la Bruchollerie is not scheduled to make many more records. She certainly deserves the international label under which her record is issued. This is a delightful and well-varied gramophone debut. (H.M.V. DA. 1888.)

Robert Tredinnick

Ltd. are to be thanked for making available to us Rose Macaulay's brilliant *Going Abroad* (that novel about a holiday in Spain) and Robert Westerby's *Wide Boys Never Work*—a distinguished thriller set in the English crime-world. These are the first two volumes in the Lehmann "Holiday Library"—a promising venture, appropriately named.

For, the volumes (6s. each) are of a size to slip easily into the crammed suitcase, will not run up the over-weight on your air travel, and conceal under gay wrappers bindings handsome enough to do credit, after the holiday, to your home bookshelves.

Much the same good qualities—handy size, high reading value, nice looks—continue to recommend Messrs Eyre and Spottiswoode's "Century Library," which has been, for some time now, under way. Important additions to it are, Henry James's *The Wings of the Dove*, with an introduction by Herbert Read (this, being a "double volume," costs 9s. and H. G. Wells's *The First Men in the Moon*—introduction by V. S. Pritchett; price 6s.

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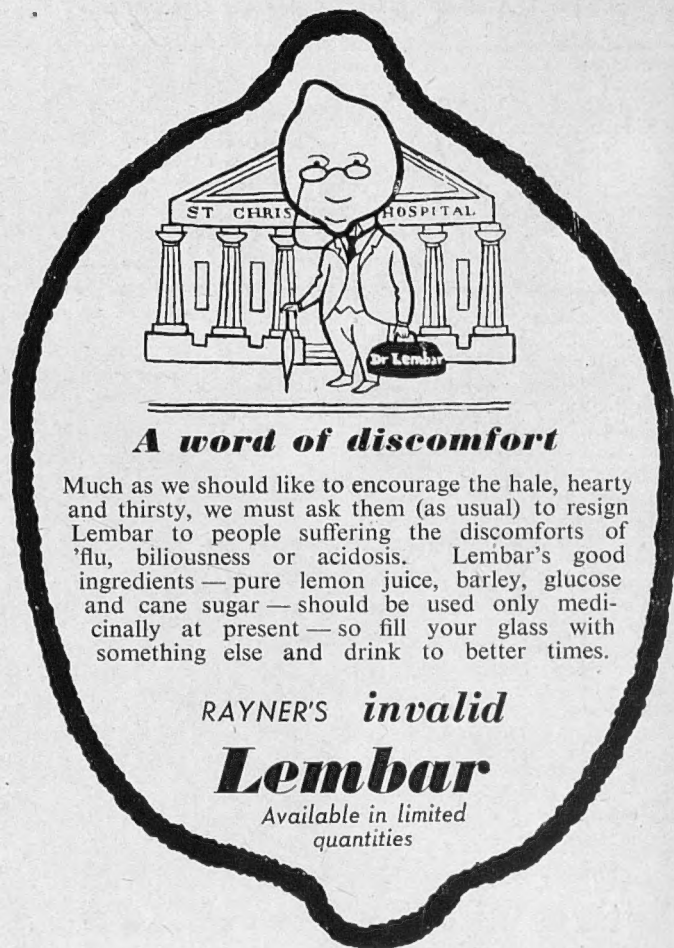
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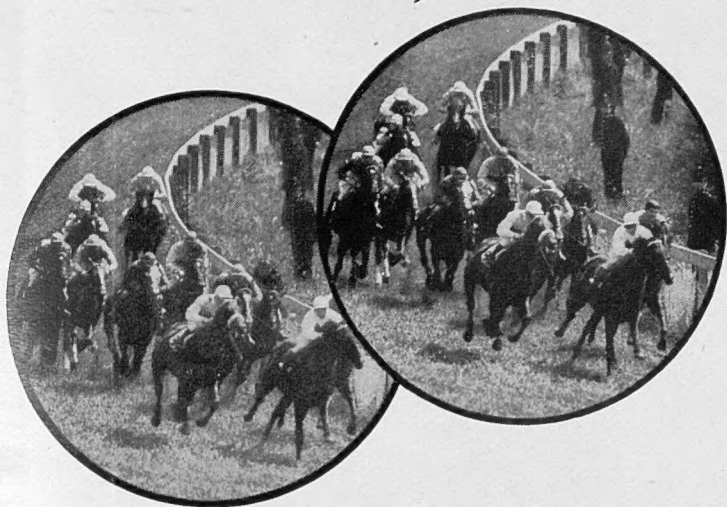
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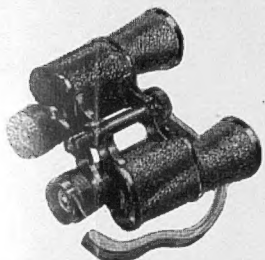


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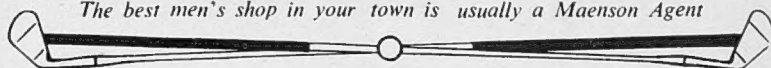
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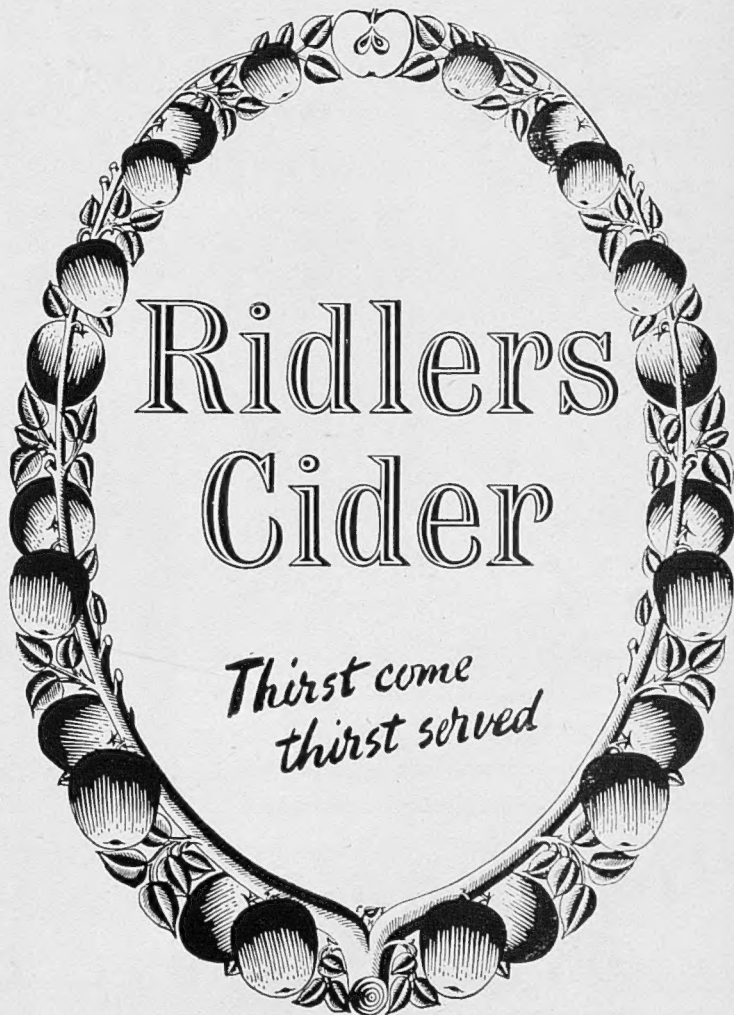
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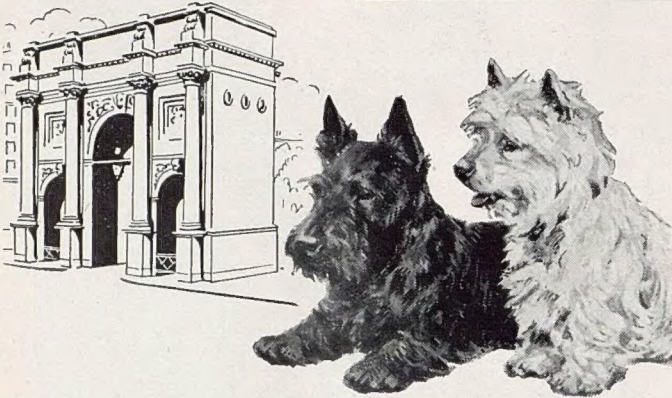
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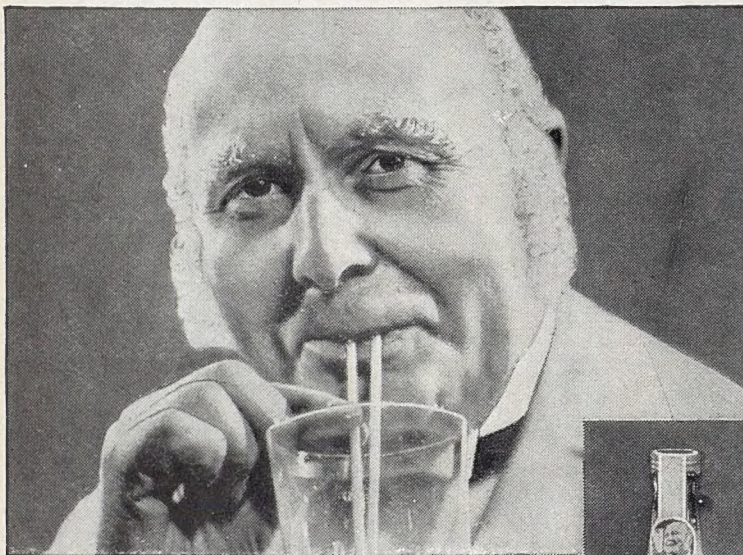
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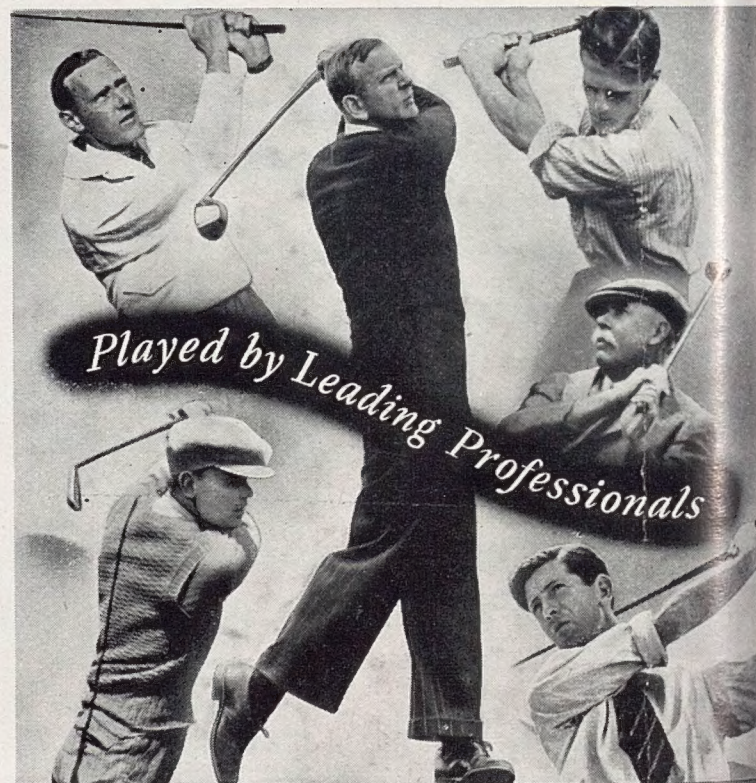
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